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Life in Mozambique and South Africa

By John Wesley Haley

Life in Mozambique and South Africa

By

Rev. John Wesley Haley

Missionary to Africa

Introduction by

REV. WILLIAM B. OLMSTEAD

Missionary Secretary

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**TO
MY WIFE
WITHOUT WHOSE ASSISTANCE
THESE LABORS WOULD NOT
HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE**

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
	Preface	9
	Introduction	11

PART I

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

I.	Inhambane	15
II.	Regenerate and Unregenerate	24
III.	Opening Up Chopiland	31
IV.	Marriage by Native Custom—Lobola	42
V.	Engagement and Marriage Ceremonies	49
VI.	Trekking Again	55
VII.	Training Teachers	63
VIII.	Medical Work	70
IX.	Inhamaxafo Station	75
X.	The Native Church: Present and Future	80
XI.	Lions	84
XII.	Rapid Development	88

PART II

THE TRANSVAAL

XIII.	Boer and Briton	95
XIV.	Paul Kruger	101
XV.	Gold, Guns and Government	105
XVI.	Methods of Work	114
XVII.	Compounds	122
XVIII.	What of the Future?	127

PART III

NATAL AND PONDOLAND

XIX.	War and Peace	135
XX.	The Daily Task	143
XXI.	The Social System	149
XXII.	Bantu Religion	155
XXIII.	The Doctor	158
XXIV.	Visiting the Outposts	164
XXV.	Some of "The Faithful"	169

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
The Midday Meal	3
A Christian Village, Showing Six Huts Out of Thirty	22
Heathen Woman in Native Dress	28
The Same Woman After Becoming a Christian	28
Miss Moreland at Work	72
Inhamaxafo Home for Single Missionaries	72
Inhamaxafo Carriers Resting	77
Twins	77
Leaving an Out-station. Trekking with a Motor Boat	78
Inhambane Native Preachers	89
Head Gear on a Gold Mine	106
Greenville Mission Day School	142
Fair View Day School	147
Fair View Girls' School	148
Native Preachers in South Africa	158
Ebenezer Hospital	158

PREFACE

For some time I have felt that the work of our church in Africa ought to be recorded in permanent form so as to be available to those interested in Christian work. Since "G. Harry Agnew, a Pioneer Missionary" appeared some twenty years ago, no book has been written on the work as a whole. The Lord has been pleased to bless the comparatively small efforts in a marvelous way so that the results achieved are far greater than could reasonably have been expected. It seems only right that what God hath wrought should be recorded for the glory of His great Name, and also that those who pray may know God hears and those who give may know their labor is not in vain. Some references to native customs have been made that it is hoped may help to a better understanding on the part of those who have to do with primitive peoples.

I had hoped a more worthy pen might have undertaken the work and it is with many apologies I now send out this little volume trusting it may, in some small way, be used of God.

I desire to thank the editors of "Inhambane Tidings," the "Rand Daily Mail" and "Christianity and the Race Problem" for much valuable material. My thanks are also due to Rev. W. B. Olmstead for many helpful suggestions and the use of photographs.

J. W. H.

INTRODUCTION

Some one has asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" and then has answered his own question by replying, "If you will follow the sun around the world with me you will see 'The morning cometh.' Out of the shadows of the night the world rolls into light; 'tis daybreak everywhere."

Africa contains about twelve million square miles and an estimated population of one hundred seventy million people who speak more than five hundred languages. The country has been parceled out to various governments. Among those who have the greatest holdings are the British, French, Portuguese and Belgians. In all Africa there are only two states, the Republic of Liberia and the Kingdom of Abyssinia, which are not controlled by the white man. For a century this great country has been one of the principal battle grounds for foreign missions and heroic efforts have been put forth to redeem the "Dark Continent" from the dominion of Satan. Africa contains many missions and the nature of the missionary work which is being carried on throughout the country under the various governments is very different.

More than forty years ago the Free Methodist Church began work in South Africa and at the same time in the Province of Mozambique, which is known as Portuguese East Africa. The hardships and difficulties encountered in the pioneer days were very

great and a number of years passed before any permanent results appeared. In the development of the work, life and treasure have been given without stint. Five of our Inhambane missionaries are buried in Africa. But what was then difficult and unpromising is now one of our most interesting and prosperous fields. Prayer has been answered and " 'Tis daybreak everywhere." One of the greatest meetings I ever attended was at Famba Kwatsi, in the Province of Mozambique, on Sunday, May 18, 1924. In addition to the large heathen congregation twelve hundred native Christians, including seventy-five native preachers, were present. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out in a marvelous manner. Again and again through the day I was led to exclaim, "Behold what God hath wrought!" These people had all been converted from heathenism within the last few years.

The author has labored in Africa as a missionary for twenty-five years with marked success and in this volume he has given us a most interesting account of missionary and governmental activities in South Africa and Mozambique during that time. The reader will not find an uninteresting page. The book is an important contribution to foreign mission work and should have a large circulation among the friends of missions. But few statistics are given while incidents of real African life are abundant. We are praying that God's richest blessings may rest upon the author and his family and that they may still have many years of successful work as missionaries in Africa.

W. B. Olmstead.

Part I

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

CHAPTER I

INHAMBANE

Early Experiences

On July 16, 1902, in company with the late Rev. G. H. Agnew and Carroll Smith, I arrived at Inhambane. Previously Mr. Smith and I had waited four weeks at Fair View, Natal, for Mr. Agnew to come from Germiston, Transvaal, to accompany us. The birth of his son on May 16th was the signal that he would soon be starting and on June 26th he joined us. As the next steamer did not sail for two weeks, in company with Mr. Agnew we visited Ebenezer Mission Station, where Misses Hartman and Nickel were stationed, and then sailed for Inhambane July 11th.

Having cleared our goods at the Customs we crossed the Bay, or tidal river, and called at the English Church Mission where we met Bishop Smythe of the Diocese of Lebombo. He kindly invited us to remain over night while Mr. Agnew walked on the remaining five miles to put the house in order. We saw much of this kindly Bishop and his staff for some years and hold him in the highest esteem. He traveled much among the people, sleeping and eating under the most primitive conditions. He said the most uncomfortable bed he ever slept on was a pile of sacks of maize. They were so uneven that the open spaces were almost equal to the points of contact.

He also related an experience with the women of a kraal he had visited. Ready to leave, he started to walk away and they quickly took up his baggage to escort him. Having proceeded a short distance he heard two women quarreling and looking back saw two bundles, one smaller and one larger, remaining. He supposed that each wanted the lighter load, but what was his surprise to find that each considered the smaller one unworthy of the love they desired to manifest for their Bishop. He sent us off in the morning saying we might take off our coats while walking, as we were neither on Broadway nor The Strand now.

Having cleaned house, which included the destruction of over two hundred bats, the study of the language became our first task. During the six weeks Mr. Agnew remained with us we experienced no difficulty, but following his departure there were times when we had to resort to the venerable language of signs. We had the New Testament in Gitonga and Xetswa, the languages of the Batonga and Batswa, and a portion of an uncompleted grammar. The rest could be picked up from the natives themselves. We soon learned to ask simple questions and to compose simple sentences, but when we wanted the elusive little conjunction "if" we walked ten miles to ask a missionary about it.

Mabile Station

The Mabile Station, around which the entire work centered until 1920, is located on a ridge of land run-

ning parallel with the Bay on the opposite side of which the town of Inhambane is situated. The ridge is the crest of a gentle slope some three miles from the water. The slope is dotted with clumps of magnificent cocoanut palm trees while great spreading cashews scattered here and there among the gardens give the appearance of a forest. From the upstairs verandas (the living room of the house) the eye wanders over these deep green fields, across three miles of tidal water sparkling in the tropical sun to the dreamy little town of Inhambane nestling among tall palms on a narrow point of land; and then on across ten miles of the bay to the Indian Ocean and the horizon. Various sized boats of the Arabian dhow type flit here and there in the breeze, a type closely associated in former days with the slave trade, Livingstone's "open sore of Africa," for was not this a much frequented slave port in the dim days of awful tragedies before the coming of the Gospel? The town boasts a pier and wharf of cement and steel, where steamers come alongside to unload building materials, food and wines and to load maize, peanuts, cocoanut kernels, and other oil producing nuts and sugar. Native passengers en route to the gold and coal mines of South Africa swarm on these steamers by hundreds, being recruited by the mines and provided with a minimum of personal equipment and their passage.

The mission house is a creature of circumstances. Built by the late Mr. Haviland, whose mortal remains sleep in the cemetery near by, it had a second story superimposed in later years with wide verandas upstairs and down all the way around. It is built of

corrugated iron and matched boards, a sort of "whispering gallery," almost destitute of privacy from sounds. The kitchens and dining rooms are down stairs and the bedrooms and sitting rooms upstairs. It has been known to accommodate two families and a single lady at times. No one regards it as satisfactory or permanent, and yet it has done duty all these years because other work that cannot be deferred has filled the days of the mission staff. Sacred memories are associated with it, and, broken reed though it is, those whom it has sheltered are loath to lift a tool against it. But it must soon come down and there rise in its stead a more comfortable and permanent home. A small iron shell that serves for a chapel, a smaller one that does service as a dispensary and a few huts of native construction constitute the buildings of this our oldest, and in some respects the most noted of all our mission stations in Africa.

Should comparison be made between this almost insignificant plant and the permanent, suitable buildings that have since been erected elsewhere let us remember the handicaps of its builders. No stone or brick clay was to be found for miles around. They were always understaffed. The presence of a growing work already extending over 3,000 square miles of territory was upon them. It was imperative that they should build but it was essential that these operations should not be prolonged.

All buildings must be "ant proofed" if they are to endure. Foundation walls are covered with flat galvanized iron which projects about an inch beyond the walls. It is joined and soldered. The theory is that

the white ant abhors the open and will not go unless he can form a tunnel of clay up the foundation walls. Around the edge of the sheet iron he cannot build his tunnel and so he remains below. Foundation pillars are covered with a piece of sheet iron slightly larger than the pillar itself. But our difficulty was to get bricks. To transport clay on the heads of natives was too expensive. Lime and cement were both expensive and had to be carried in the same way five miles. We decided to burn sea shells and mix the resultant lime with the sandy soil as an experiment.

The people around the Bay may be said to "Sacrifice unto their net and burn incense unto their drag; because by them their portion is fat and their meat plenteous." Daily, as the tide recedes the women and girls may be seen scraping back the sand with their hands in search of the shell-fish from which they make the relish to go with the heavier foods, without which they suffer from heartburn. The shells are dumped out in a pile near the kraal. Word went out that we would buy shells and they began to pour in. In two days we had a great pile which when burned in a kiln made sufficient lime for all our buildings. An underground cistern laid up with these lime and sand bricks and plastered with cement is still in good condition after seventeen years.

The Printing Press

Then there was the day when the printing press arrived. This was a complete outfit, the gift of a friend of missions in Pennsylvania. According to the Cus-

toms laws duty was charged on either a press alone or equipment without press, but a press and type were duty free. However, duties were charged, so we appealed to Lourenzo Marques. In due time the decision was rendered, which was, that although according to law the outfit was duty free, in a previous case duties had been assessed and paid on a printing outfit, so they must now go by the precedent.

The press, weighing 2,000 pounds, was hoisted from the steamer into a sailing dhow and brought as far as possible on high tide. The receding tide left the boat on its side on dry sand. There the mission took delivery of it. There was no wagon and no road. It had to be transported five miles. Sufficient men to carry it could not be secured. I decided to make a cylinder of the case and roll it. The Bill of Lading having arrived some time before, giving the dimensions of the case, timbers were hewed and poles prepared. These were spiked to the box as it sat in the boat and the journey began. It took ten men three days to bring it home. It arrived somewhat loose in the box, but in good condition. It has done much good work, one of the best known productions being "Inhambane Tidings," a bright, inspiring paper full of the latest events on the mission field.

Grappling with the Language

The methods of carrying on the work here required a little chapel as a beginning. It was built of sticks and mud with a grass roof, and openings for windows. In this prayers were conducted morning and evening

for those living near. The service consisted of a song, reading of a portion from the New Testament, a short exposition, prayer, a song and dismissal. This was followed by an hour or more of school in the mornings. These children of nature must not be detained on unusual concentrated effort too long.

The young missionaries took charge of the prayers and in a short time began slowly and painfully to explain the Scriptures, making, as Mr. Agnew said, "each word go on all fours." These ministrations may not have been wholly lost on the congregation, but it is certain that they were of great benefit to the missionaries, for before six months had passed they had little difficulty in understanding the natives or making themselves understood either in private conversation or public ministry.

The native men were very gifted in grasping our meaning and if opportunity were given one rose and preached the sermon over again using many apt illustrations to drive home the truth. They smoothed out the mistakes also, and we found it expedient to observe this practise.

Many ludicrous stories are told of the earlier efforts of missionaries. A missionary in the Congo, with but a few words at his command, tried to talk on Pontius Pilate. The chief, who was present, had sent numerous presents of food but got tired of it and would neither give nor sell, saying he wanted it for himself. The missionary repeated several times, "Chief bad man," meaning Pilate, of course. The local chief thought he was scolding him because he sent no more food. He ground his teeth very loudly, a method of

expressing strong disapproval. However, God overruled it to the good of His servants for the chief went away and sent fowls and maize in abundance.

Growth

By 1902 perhaps the most difficult pioneering work had been done. There were then seven evangelists and one hundred five members, probationers and adherents. By 1905 these had increased to one thousand. Many of our evangelists were men who had gone to Johannesburg to work in the gold mines. There they had heard the Gospel and been saved. They studied in night schools until they could read the Testament, and they learned how to preach in the compound meeting. Coming home they sought out the missionary and were appointed as evangelist-teachers. This accounts, in a very large measure, for the phenomenal growth of the Inhambane work.

It would be useless to begin gospel work while living in a heathen kraal, for these people have a heathen religion and are very religious. They would be required to take part in the sacrifices to the dead, or leave. They, therefore, built a hut on a new site. Their heathen people readily helped them to build and came to the meetings. School was taught an hour or two daily. When any one desired to break with the old life his friends helped him to carry his hut and re-erect it in the new place. In this way he cut free from heathenism and began a new life. He attended the morning and evening prayers and went to school daily. On Sundays he went with his leader



A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE. SHOWING NIN HUTS OUT OF THIRTY

to preach in the kraals around. In this way Christian villages have sprung up all over the land and with their church bells (sometimes just a bit of iron), their bright, inspiring singing and their visitation among the heathen people, clear testimony has been borne to the truth.

A system of scholarships was early adopted in order to draw the young children into the influence of Christianity. The children were not orphans or destitute. They were the children of the relatives or friends of the evangelists, whose parents allowed them to remain in the kraal and be taught. The mission allowed him about fifty cents a month to feed them and twice a year issued some sort of clothing. They dug extensive gardens and quickly learned to read. They all professed religion and doubtless many were truly saved. There is no doubt that this policy greatly quickened the growth of the work. As the system was only a temporary one, to provide a nucleus in each out-post until a Christian village had been gathered together, it has largely disappeared and will soon be a forgotten practise.

CHAPTER II

REGENERATE AND UNREGENERATE

Makarali

Makarali was the first person to attach himself to Mr. Agnew. He was a nimble youth whose attachment to his master was such that he seemed to anticipate his every want. He seemed to have some means of communication, all his own, for when his missionary arrived Makarali was always there to meet him although his home was fifty miles away. He immediately put himself in charge of all his master's goods and of the numerous men and women fighting to carry them, and with much shouting, commanding, and threatening gesticulation brought order out of chaos.

About the kitchen he was able to impress all the girls and small boys who came to view the foibles and eccentricities of the white man. The girls were despatched for water to the nearest spring and the boys might be seen with a corn-cob and a kettle in the sand scouring inside and out till it shone. If the missionary undertook to do any of the plainer tasks Makarali promptly took out of his hands whatever he proposed to work with and did it for him, while he summoned any idle hands who might be near to carry on his unfinished task, the while lecturing all within earshot as to the proper care of a missionary. He

seemed to think that a white man was some delicate piece of china that would break if not handled with care. This thought was more openly expressed by a woman who came to pray for me when I had been almost stung to death by bees. She said, "It is plain that you white people are not as strong as we blacks, for while we know the sting of a bee is painful, we never think of it as anything a person could die from."

But it was on trek where Makarali appeared to greatest advantage. He could take charge of the entire caravan and always managed to perform his greatest feats under the eye of the missionary. If a halt was made to rest under a tree in a kraal he was sure to sing a hymn and preach to the assembled village, weaving into the exhortation all about the wonderful missionary he had the honor of piloting, at the same time casting furtive glances to see how we were taking it. There was plenty of death and hell fire in these discourses, and so-called exposition of Scripture that made one wonder if he had received a special revelation of his own.

At the lunch hour he was off ahead to the appointed place and practically commandeered the whole village. He selected a fowl, which we paid for later, sent one to bring water from a hut, another for a bundle of sticks from the adjoining bush, another for fire and a cooking pot. Under the spell he cast, all seemed to arrive together on the double quick. As one blew the fire into a blaze he whipped the head off the fowl, plunged it into cold water and then turned it slowly in the flames for a minute, when, lo! the

feathers slipped off like magic and the dressed fowl was in the pot cooking before we realized what had happened. Now he had leisure to grill the head, legs and entrails on the open fire and divide them among his friends, who received them with both hands extended and a profound "Nyi kuride" (I am full), for was not his generosity so bountiful that it required both hands to receive it and did it not satisfy every longing of the appetite?

Makarali made great efforts to obey the Gospel but notwithstanding his fiery sermons the days recorded so many lapses that it seemed he had "neither part nor lot in the matter." He was "ever seeking but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." At last he felt he had struck the rock and with beaming countenance told the missionary, "I am just like a snake with a new skin. When you come back you will find me steadfast." I am afraid the illustration was only too apt for there were still far too many lapses to be recorded. At last he was deemed worthy of baptism, to his great delight, and took the name David. How we wish we might say he continued faithful unto death. He had many weaknesses and besetments but he loved his Lord and we trust we shall meet him in heaven.

"Owning his weakness and evil behavior,

And leaving with meekness his sins with his Savior."

A son and daughter survive him and are consistent and active in the work of the Lord.

The second and third generations usually show much greater religious strength and spiritual power than is shown by the first converts to Christianity.

The Cashew Season

The beautiful, spreading cashew trees, introduced from South America, are a joy to behold. Ever green, in the spring the new leaf buds burst revealing dark russet leaves at the end of every bough. The lower branches sag and are cut off so that field crops may grow nearer the trunk. The fruit sets in September and ripens in December and January. It bears a pear-shaped, spongy, edible fruit filled with astringent juice.

But the fruit of this beautiful tree is made into a curse, and the whole land goes on one long drunken spree for two or three months. Intoxicating drinks are also made from oranges, pineapples, wild berries, the palm tree, millet, cassava, maize and sweet potatoes, but the difference is that there is such a superabundance of cashew fruit that all may drink all they can day after day for months.

This might be described as the "open season" for crime. The sticks, axes and spears come into mortal combat. It is unsafe for boys and girls to travel unescorted. Heads are split, eyes put out and great gashes opened during these orgies. The nights are resoundant with the weird chant of the dance accompanied by the soft cadences of the native piano and the falsetto of the accompanying drums. The boom of the big drum, as the sun is westering, indicates the rendezvous and invitations are not an African institution. The kindly curtain of darkness draws a covering over the shameful and indescribable nocturnal conduct of the people. On one occasion we drew aside the curtain by a surprise visit, but such were the in-

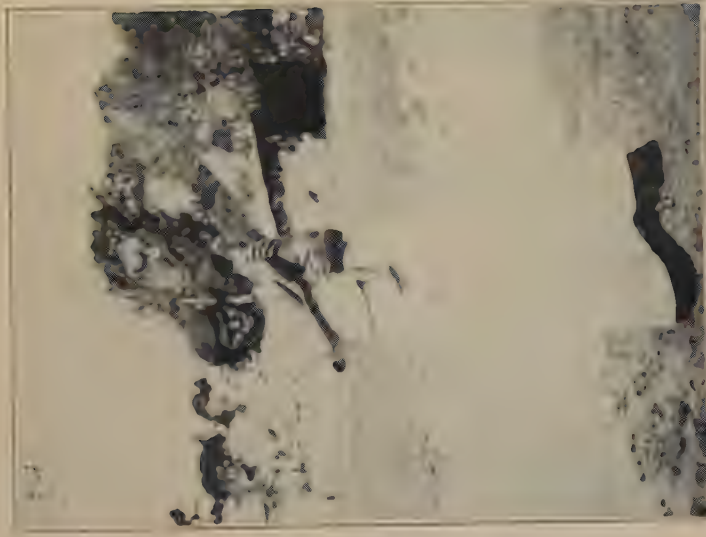
decencies of the dance that we left immediately. Not all heathen dances are of this lewd character. We have seen them dancing in the early morning as an accompanying rite to the worship of the ancestral spirit.

A form of restraint is supposed to be exercised over the brewing of beer so that pots are hidden away in the bush to mature. When ready a crowd gathers and remains till all is finished. On one occasion our heathen neighbors took advantage of my absence trekking to secrete their beer on the mission property. They were coming into the kraal intoxicated and my wife took some girls and hunted for it. She found six or eight large earthenware pots frothing over and promptly upset the lot and ordered her girls to carry the pots home so she would find the owners. She found them. They came in a rabble with great wrath and much babbling but before they knew what was happening she was among them giving them a severe scolding for their foul conduct and declaring she would upset it every time they committed the offense. Our people rallied loyally and debated the matter in the same wordy fashion as their neighbors. In the end she gave them back their pots on their promising to repeat the offense no more; and they kept their word.

The nuts from these trees are delicious when roasted. The husk is full of oil. A fire of cocoanut leaves is built over them and soon the oil ignites and burns furiously. They are kept stirred and turned with a stick until sufficiently roasted, when the fire is extinguished with sand. The shells are then readily



HEATHEN WOMAN IN NATIVE DRESS



THE SAME WOMAN AFTER BECOMING A
CHRISTIAN

broken and the meat extracted. It is now ready for market and women may be seen in the cashew season sitting on the sand by the roadside measuring out their goods on a bit of cocoanut shell about two inches in diameter.

Incidents

A full grown man, not too bright, destitute of all but a G string, used to amuse himself with a milk tin on a stick with a few pebbles for a rattle. With this held high overhead he would dance and chant along a path a few yards in front of our house. When this happened every day and several times a day the young matron undertook to teach him etiquette. Seizing a thin short board she slipped up behind him when he was showing off at his best. There was a "smack" of the board across his buttocks, an extraordinary leap into the air, a loud exclamation of fright and astonishment and he was off down the path like a springbok, while peals of laughter went up from all around. He was an apt pupil. One lesson sufficed.

It has been truthfully said that "there is much drawing power in a pair of forceps," and many people come to the mission station to have teeth pulled. Their method being to dig them out with a spear even a novice with forceps may acquire great fame.

While on one of my extended trips inland, a woman came suffering great pain and saying she was dying. The native men told her "Mfundisi" was away and "Senhora" did not pull teeth. At this she was much

depressed. But the matter, like all matters, must be reported to the "great house," and the women who gathered said that "Senhora" could pull teeth. "Senhora" could do anything that "Mfundisi" could do. This put her on her mettle, and after a brief retirement in prayer, she brought the forceps. But now she did not know which pair to select. Seizing one that seemed to correspond with the tooth she laid hold on it and out it came. It was a great triumph as amid the profuse thanks of the old woman for "saving her life" and the boisterous acclamations of the assembled natives "Senhora" put the forceps away; but no more work was attempted that day and there began and ended her career as a dentist.

CHAPTER III

OPENING UP CHOPILAND

Daily Routine

There is a great deal of commonplace every-day work repeated every day on a mission station that seems to make no definite contribution toward the extension of the work but which is necessary and is built by the Master-Builder into the building. The bell calls through the still morning air every day of the year and old and young come to prayers. If the followers of the False Prophet, in their call to prayer affirm, "Prayer is better than sleep," how much more is prayer better than sleep for the Christian? Messengers come and go, perhaps from out-stations several days distant. Their reports are made, their cares unfolded, their triumphs revealed to the sympathetic missionary and after prayer they seem to have gathered new strength and a brighter vision and are ready to return home to face the old problems with a new spirit. Thus does the spiritual life of the missionary multiply itself and mold the native leaders, and is passed on through them a thousandfold. The sun is setting in the west; the evening shades gather; but e'er the brief twilight of the Torrid Zone comes to a close the village again gathers, at the call of the bell, in the house of God for the evening devotions. A brief chattering around small fires as any available

food is consumed and all retire to their lowly beds at an early hour. There are no books and periodicals for the men and no "hand work" for the women; has not the hoe provided sufficient hand work all day, so why should they not retire? The light shines in the "great house" a little longer but they too must wake at the sounding of the bell, so the last light is extinguished and darkness reigns. The day is done.

Monotonous as all this commonplace, every-day life is, it is the most important contribution the missionary can make to the cause of his Master. His example is the great lesson for the native church and as it is repeated day by day it makes an unalterable and clear impression on the minds of his people which remains as their conception of a Christian when all he has said is forgotten. But for the missionary himself, it is a great day when he can leave it all and get off on a trek. Now he is going to see the country. Now, as the Zulus say, he will "tshaywa umoya" (breast the breeze). Now in God's great out-of-doors he will see the glories of creation in the varied, and to him new forms of vegetable, animal and bird life all about him. He will come into close touch with his people, live in their houses, partake of their food, sit by their fires under the starry dome of heaven where the Southern Cross keeps silent watch, teach them in their chapels and meet with them in fullest fellowship where all men are equal, around the table of our Lord. He will note how men, women and children are irresistibly pleased with his presence and anticipate his every need and in this he glorifies his Lord, for all these tokens of love from a pure heart are offer-

ings to his Master, as no mere white man is taken into their hearts in this way.

He does not travel alone. Porters carry his loads. Food, drinking water and a bed must be taken, and a mosquito canopy, for the illusive but fearsome anopheles will haunt his couch and transfer to his blood the malarial germs. The Christian men and women like to accompany him for, not only do they receive a small monetary remuneration, but they are on the Lord's business as well as he and will have many opportunities to preach and witness by the way. He may think of his tour of visitation as a number of quarterly meetings and the revision of the church roll. To them it is a campaign, a series of revivals, a time of spiritual refreshing.

I made many such trips, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by my wife or other missionaries. Formerly we walked, but in later years donkeys, then mules and a motor boat have been provided. For some years we traveled south as far as the Inharrime River which forms the northern boundary of Chopiland. This natural barrier, in places three miles wide, lay right across our path and we often cast longing eyes across it wishing we could explore "the regions beyond."

Charlie Jose

The Bachopi people were always represented as being a wild and fearsome tribe, and even to this day life is regarded very lightly among them. Finally several of our men requested permission to open up

stations in Chopiland, among them Charlie Jose, a cousin of Peter Magubeni who accompanied Mrs. Agnew and her children to America. This man Charlie was a remarkable character. Wild and reckless, he would not listen to the preaching of the Gospel in the compounds until he was involved in an accident and had a leg amputated in a mine hospital. There Mr. Agnew found him, and not being able to run away he had, perforce, to listen. He was convicted of sin, repented and was saved. After some training Mr. Agnew took him to Inhambane and appointed him as evangelist-teacher at Mabile.

Death of Peter Magubeni

Peter Magubeni, on his return from America, was appointed to Mabile. He visited his people in Chopiland once, but already in the grip of tuberculosis, which began to develop in America, he returned to us after a month only to be sent on via Johannesburg to Fair View where Mrs. Agnew and her two children were, whom he longed to see before he died. Comforted in their presence, he died a few days later and was buried at Fair View. He got drenched with rain as he arrived among his own people and called them together telling them he must pray or he would die. He brought a small boy, Mabizweni (among the beer pots), with him on his return, who remained a number of years in the school at Mabile. Peter was an earnest, humble, conscientious Christian till death. While at Mabile we only asked him to teach one or two hours a day. He was grieved at this and plead

with me about it. He said, "When Mfundisi Agnew was living I called him 'Father' and he gave me work to do and I helped him. Now I call you 'Father' and I do not want you to be afraid to ask me to help you. These little boys do not know how to sweep and keep the house clean." We let him have his wish but his strength was failing. He was marked for death.

Visiting Chopiland

It now became my duty to visit Chopiland, so my wife and I set out. We called on the Commandant at Inharrime in September, 1907, to ask permission to open schools in Chopiland. He promised to forward the request to the Governor at Inhambane and then kindly insisted on our staying for breakfast at 11 a. m. His hospitality knew no bounds, especially as white ladies seldom traveled through those parts. He offered us wine and on our declining he inquired if we were "temperance." We agreed that we were, so he ordered the wine removed and had water glasses, wine glasses, a bottle of absinthe and a jug of water brought. Not knowing the nature of absinthe, but regarding it as fruit syrup, and being warm we drank freely. Fortunately no untoward results followed. After a ten course breakfast he ordered his "Machila" (a hammock on a pole) and had my wife carried half a mile to the river, while he walked with me. Here his boat was waiting to carry us across. He assisted my wife to alight, bade her good-bye in the best cavalier fashion, threw his arms around me and we parted with mutual best wishes.

We arrived at Johannes' place at 3 p. m., saw the site where he was to build and the expressions of joy of the people at the prospects of a school and went on by moonlight to Matu Hele's place, which was about five miles away.

Up to about fifteen years before this the country had been the scene of cruel tribal wars. Hundreds of people were killed. One of another tribe dared not venture among them, and even at the time of our visit it was supposed that a stranger passing through polluted their wells and fields, and was in danger of being killed. Skulls were transfixed on sticks at the entrance of some of the kraals we passed through, a gruesome warning to strangers.

We now came to the kraal of our guide, Jonah. It was large, about one hundred huts, and laid out with orange trees. An Indian trader with a native wife had a store in a hut at one side.

Here we were shown into the Commandant's hut, which was built for his accommodation while collecting taxes. We bought food from the people and slept and were off at four a. m. The heathen people gave us pots for cooking and were very kind. One of their women was suffering from a sore caused by a brass bangle. The infection had spread right round the leg between the ankle and the knee. The foot died and the flesh was mortifying, leaving the bone exposed a distance of an inch, the flesh and tendons all having given way. A skilful surgeon could have saved her life but medical comforts were unknown in these remote parts at that time. Now the Government is stationing doctors at the Administrative centers.

My companions cited several deaths from this cause that had been known to them.

We arrived at Charlie Jose's place, Zandamela, about 5 p. m., were received cordially and made very welcome. We had traveled all day through a country without springs, having passed the last water the previous day at 9 a. m. Charlie lived on an elevation at the end of a long, shallow lake which had been the home of numerous hippopotami when the water was deeper. Mosquitos were so numerous that he said he slept in a tree at times. We preferred a mosquito canopy on the floor of a hut. He gave us a sheep so the whole kraal regaled on mutton.

Pushing on we came to the kraal of Prince Boris, a Russian, said to have been a second cousin of the late Czar; a man who had been brought up in royal palaces and who spoke most of the languages of Europe. He was acting as local agent of the Witwatersrand Native Labor Association, an organization that recruits natives for the mines in the Transvaal. But it was the lure of the wilds that kept him here. He had a record for tiger shooting in India, had hunted big game in Africa since '69 and had visited the principal hunting and fishing grounds of the world. He described tarpon fishing in Florida waters as more exciting than lion hunting. The excitement might go on for hours as the battle continued between the man and the fish, but in the case of a lion you had him or he had you in half a minute or less time. Asked how these parts compared with other parts of Africa for big game he said, "This is paradise," and proceeded to enumerate a long list of animals with

which a near-by grassy jungle teemed. We have seen hundreds of "wildebeeste" (gnu) on these same plains accompanied by waterbuck and reedbuck. Other wild animals are also quite common.

Our host explained that he went home occasionally but never cared to stay very long. His sister said she could always tell when he was going back to Africa. He said that was impossible, as he did not know himself. She insisted that she could tell and when pressed for her sign said, "You always begin to whistle before you go back to Africa." He had become so accustomed to the bush that he never got lost, a rare thing in a white man. Observing this, his native servants said, "You are a white man but your mother must have been a black woman." He termed this the most profound compliment he had ever received, but added, "Fortunately she was not."

His house was of one room, built of sticks and mud with grass roof. The floor was driven full of wooden pegs and covered with native mats. The window and door were just openings in the wall covered with mosquito netting. In the doorway the netting was fastened on the inside at the top and to a long stick at the bottom which rested on the outside walls. He had sporting pieces of all descriptions, an abundant supply of fishing tackle and a collapsible boat. He was often away for days or weeks but he never missed anything. A more elaborate house was nearing completion which cost \$75.00. He received us cordially, provided food and shelter and on learning that we were returning in a few days made special provision for the occasion. He drank my wife's health in cham-

pagne, she being the first white woman to grace his camp.

Leaving this touch of civilization we plunged into the bush again and stopped at a heathen kraal for the night. The people were very gruff at first but on learning who we were came and asked us to pray for them and begged for a teacher.

Saturday morning we left early and in an hour arrived at Peter's brother's kraal. On the way, the day before, we had met Peter's sister. She inquired for Mabizweni, whom we had left at Charlie's, and wanted to send for him. I was afraid she might not let him return with us to school, so told her to be ready and return with us to see him. We also feared Peter's brother might not let him return with us, but he brought a chicken as a present and said he wanted Mabizweni to learn and return to teach them. They seemed ready for the Gospel and our people expressed the opinion that if a teacher was located there the whole kraal would believe.

From the entry in my diary for that day I take the following: "Peter's brother pointed out the spot Brother Agnew had chosen for a mission site. It was a beautiful place on the Inharrime River at an elevation of 150 feet above the water. It is a fine place for a mission station, especially as it could be built in connection with one about sixty miles farther north on the same body of water. I hope to see these two stations built. They would enable us to carry on work all over the district of Inhambane south of the town of that name." One is now an accomplished fact. We returned to Charlie's place for Sunday

“and rested, according to the commandment.” Peter’s sister was with us. She was afraid the spirits would kill Mabizweni if he continued to learn, but we quieted her fears.

On Sunday a messenger arrived with a letter from the Governor informing me that I should take out licenses for our schools. I replied that I would appear before the Commandant at Inharrime on our way home.

On Monday our men helped Charlie to move a hut. I gave him and his wife the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper and received a boy on probation. We left for home at high noon. We crossed the Inharrime River at a camp of the Witwatersrand Native Labor Association and slept there although the Agent was away. The larger boat was full of water so the donkey remained in Chopiland all night. In the morning we bailed it out, brought the donkey over and went on our way. We traveled all day and arrived at Malaneni, one of our out-stations, at night. This is sixty-five miles from home but it seemed like home to be among our own people again.

Later in the week we called on the Commandant at Inharrime and were directed to call on the Governor. From here we went to Mr. Hancock’s camp. He was drilling for oil on the banks of Lake Nyanjele. After a protracted effort the tools stuck in the well and the project was abandoned. He received us kindly, made us very comfortable and replenished our store of food when we left.

The following week-end we held a district quarterly meeting at Malahezi which was well attended and a

time of blessing. On the way home we called at two out-stations and had to remove the man in charge at one of them and appoint another. Rising early we covered the last twelve miles by 7:30 a. m. and were glad to be home after twenty days among the people, during which time we had traveled three hundred fifty miles, my wife on a donkey and myself on foot. Later I called on the Governor and secured permission to carry on schools in Chopiland.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE BY NATIVE CUSTOM—LOBOLA

Back of the curious customs leading up to and following marriage, the significance of which is so little understood by the natives themselves to-day, including lobola, which is the passing of cattle, goats, cloth, hoes or money by the family of the bridegroom to the family of the bride in consideration for their consent to the marriage, stands the interests of the clan or "sib." This term refers to all those bearing the same surname or praise-name as they call it. In native parlance it is isibongo or isiboko. A clear understanding of the origin of these customs would clear away much misunderstanding in the minds of those who have to do with natives. It has been referred to as selling and buying, and while there is much in the degenerated misuse of the customs to-day to suggest this yet it seems pretty clear that this was far from the original conception. A man never regarded his wife as property. He could not sell her. If he misused her she had an appeal to his own people and failing that she could return to her father's home. If misconduct were proven against him he could not demand all his cattle back if she left him, nor could he recover them if she had borne him several children. It has mistakenly been called dowry. This it cannot be for the cattle are never where the

wife is, except in divorce cases. If she is with her husband the cattle are at the home of her father.

There was usually a state of rivalry between sibs, which often showed itself by the herd boys coming to blows when they met with their herds and flocks on the plains. In some cases, these lusty lads having overcome the herd boys of another sib, by a very effective use of their sticks which they always carry, drove off their cattle in triumph to their homes. The herds, thus augmented, were a source of pride to the men of the sib and before they were relinquished there was a long "indaba" which often ended in a free fight with sticks and knobkerries. The slogan of a sib might well have been that of a more enlightened people, "What we have we'll hold." A beast or more was often demanded for real or imaginary damage done to them.

Marriage in a sib was not permissible. Wives must come from their neighbors. While friendly intercourse was maintained between the different sibs of a tribe, the habitual attitude was that of a man always on the alert for a pretext to force a fine from another. If spittle accidentally fell on another there was a suit at law, for this being essentially a portion of oneself it would be considered that an effort was being made by magic to do harm. The fact of its being an accident might exonerate his intentions but would not prevent the baleful magical results nor relieve him from making compensation. Stepping over another's shadow was for similar reasons violently fought out in wordy battles and compensation demanded. The injury or killing of a member of the sib was the busi-

ness of the whole sib and must be compensated. Certain values were placed on a man and lesser on a woman, but in each case damages were assessed according to the relative standing in his sib of the person injured or killed. In those tribes where slaves were held a male slave was demanded for a male and a female slave for a female.

The idea back of all this seems to have been that the relative place and power of a sib must not be allowed to depreciate. If the sib was injured the injury must be repaired. If a member was killed, whether accidentally or intentionally, either another must be received to repair the loss to the sib or failing that some other compensation made. Similarly, if a woman was taken away as a bride, to augment another sib, reparation of some kind must be given in order that the wealth of the sib might remain unimpaired. That which was demanded would insure that a woman could be secured from another sib to take the place of the woman now relinquished. For this purpose cattle were accepted, the number agreed upon being determined by the social position of the woman's family in her sib. The number might range from a few for a commoner to fifty or more for the daughter of a chief. It was only in recent years, when the Government in South Africa saw that the number of cattle demanded was preventing men from marrying, that the number was fixed at ten for a commoner and fifteen for the daughter of a chief. This number, being all that is recoverable in law, speedily became the universal rule in South Africa.

Many abuses of the system have been observed. In

order to force a daughter to marry a man who was repugnant to her the father or brother has been known to tie a tendon tightly around one of the fingers till she submitted from the agony suffered.

A girl came to the mission station in a frightened kind of way, like a hunted antelope, and said she wanted to "kolwa" (believe). Nothing could be elicited from her by questioning so the missionary concluded he would wait and see what would transpire. After a few days an old heathen man called and asked for his daughter. It then came out that he had tried to force her to marry a leper. The missionary declined to hand her over so the father had recourse to the Portuguese Administrator who explained that according to law the father could demand his daughter. Three days' grace were requested to consult a lawyer and courteously granted. It was pointed out that the Government had enough lepers on its hands and an appeal was made on the grounds of humanity. The lawyer wrote to the Administrator pointing out that while he was quite right in his interpretation of the law, yet he could refuse to administer it, and strongly advised him to do so in this particular case. This counsel was acted on and the girl saved.

Divorce

There came to my attention the case of a woman whose husband beat her and sent her home to her father. The father, having used the lobola money, and knowing that if he harbored his daughter he

would be called upon to repay it, urged her to return to her husband and finally beat her till she did. The husband beat her and sent her away again. Seeing it was useless to send her back the father took her and went from place to place to those who had money for taking a wife until he made an engagement and returned the money received to his former son-in-law. It is such cases as this, clearly the abuse of the system, that make some Europeans look upon it as a sale, and one must admit that there are very many elements of a sale in such proceedings and that the whole business is most demoralizing.

On the other hand, in primitive society, it is certain that there could be little stability in the marriage relation if there was nothing material changing hands by way of contract. The wife cannot run away on every pretext for then the cattle must be returned and they may have been used to provide a wife for her brother. She must have a real grievance or her people will not receive her.

Should it be demonstrated that the husband's conduct was unbearable native law will condemn him and he will not be able to recover his cattle, which acts as a strong deterrent. It is alleged that in the remoter parts of our field in the Province of Mozambique, after a second offense, an unfaithful wife may be reported by her husband to the men of both his and her sibs with the threat that should it happen again he would take her life. There being no defense for such a sin they all say there is nothing they can do. Should the offense be repeated he may dig her grave, push her into it and cover her up. In such a

case lobola is not recoverable. Barrenness is usually considered a sufficient reason for a return of the cattle or a younger sister may also be given.

Jack and Jichoni

These native customs put the missionary in most embarrassing positions at times. Jack married a buxom young lady who might be described as a blonde among her ebony sisters, who bore the modest name Jichoni (Shame). Her children died in infancy and Jack was entitled by native law to have his money back. The last child was born while he was away at the mines and caused him much joy. He sent clothes by a friend who was returning home. But he was soon to be plunged into grief again by word of its death. This brought about a crisis. He sent word to his people to drive her away from his hut back to her people. Naturally, or unnaturally, her own people would not receive her, for they knew that would mean the return of the money which had been "eaten," i. e., used to procure a wife for one of the family. So she came to the mission and remained, doing what she could, until Jack came home.

We insisted that as a Christian man he must take her back, but he refused. We warned him that he could not take another wife while she was living as there was no accusation of unfaithfulness against her. He felt sure there was a way around the difficulty and did not seriously accept this as our last word. In the face of all I could say he called his money from her father, who was under the necessity of betroth-

ing her to the first man he could find with the money. We were greatly distressed as she was a consistent Christian. But a higher Hand was at work. A Christian man came home from the mines with money to take a wife and we married them.

Jack took his new wife in the heathen way and after some months came to me to marry them which I could not do. He argued, insisted and plead but I felt I had no option. He then asked seriously what he was to do as he wanted to be a Christian. We could only tell him to put away his new wife and remain single as long as the first one lived. He then plead to have his old wife given back to him but we pointed out that by his own action, in the face of our warnings, he had forced us to marry her to another man and now she was the wife of another. When he finally saw that there was no alternative, hope died within him. His face changed. He could not meet the conditions and then and there he died spiritually, a victim of his own folly. A more painful experience we have never had and may God spare us from a repetition.

CHAPTER V

ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE CEREMONIES

It must not be supposed that all the cattle or goods change hands at once. This is often a protracted proceeding covering years. A partial payment is made and the marriage consummated. When the wife goes home to visit her people they will not let her return to her husband until he gives another beast or instalment. If the full amount has not been paid the first daughter of the marriage becomes security, and cattle received for her must complete the lobola for her mother, so that children may be mortgaged before they are born. In some places the number of cattle owing are represented by large stones in the kraal of the father-in-law and as the son-in-law delivers a beast he removes a stone.

In Portuguese East Africa, where cattle are scarce, lobola usually takes the form of money; about twenty pounds sterling being required for a wife. The young men, at the age of eighteen, are permitted to go to the mines in the Transvaal. There they receive from twelve to twenty dollars a month and their board. Money is sent home by returning friends with instructions that his people are to choose a wife for him and pass the initial instalment of lobola. Sometimes he has a choice and again that is left to others. Missionaries have been entrusted with this commission

but always declined, matchmaking, being at best, a thankless business.

If the man is not returning home soon they may form an engagement for him with a small girl. This is not as serious a matter as would seem, for should he return sooner than was expected, or be dissatisfied with the girl chosen, he would break off the engagement and receive his money back. If the father had spent the money he would approach other people who had money to take a wife for some of their men, form another engagement and discharge the first obligation; a sort of human stock exchange. As there are no secrets it is widely known where money has been received for this purpose.

When His Suit is Denied

These "Lords of creation" may lightly refuse to marry a girl that has been chosen for them but it is a very different matter for a girl to reject a man. In such cases it is considered that a sin of great enormity has been committed against the dignity of man in general. If the father cannot, or will not, force her to marry him the suitor goes to a prominent cross-roads near-by and throws down a bunch of grass or weeds. Every one who passes throws a bunch of grass on the pile, thereby saying, "I have no part or fellowship in this sin." The pile grows while the young man makes representations elsewhere. When he is engaged the people gather and apply fire to the stack of grass, by which means this sin is blotted out. In rocky countries cairns may be seen where each

traveler adds a stone but the purpose may be quite different.

Preliminary Negotiations

The marriage ceremony begins by a young man going to his father saying he is now come to the estate of manhood and wants a wife. The father discusses the matter formally with the men of his household and after much deliberation the matter is entrusted to representative men. They go to the kraal with which they hope to form an alliance, always of another sib, and sit down by themselves. To recognize them immediately would seem to suggest that they were unwelcome and were desired to pass on. After sufficient time has passed to satisfy the dignity of all concerned they are greeted in a friendly manner and join the circle of men. On inquiry as to their business they reply that they have come to buy a pot or a mat or some similar trifle. It is well known that this is only a subterfuge, but the spirit in which this is received determines whether they may proceed to the main business or not. If they are assured of friendly consideration they proceed to ask for a certain girl and to consider the terms of lobola to be paid. Of course, no agreement will be made on this first visit. This is a mere preliminary conversation.

Some time after the girl goes to stay at the home of her father-in-law for a more or less protracted time; one to six months. She arrives, accompanied by a girl friend, in the night. In the morning a man from that kraal must go and announce to her father

that as he may be wondering where his daughter is he has come to report that she is with them. He drives the largest ox they have, called the "imbulumbete" (the shaker of the dew) to accompany the announcement. As certain men in the kraal are depending on the cattle received to take unto themselves wives, they may refuse to negotiate in the first instance if the suitor's people have few cattle.

Sacred Rites

The "mother's beast" is given to her by the father of the groom. The men have no claim on it and if they eat any of the meat it must be given to them by the women. This seems to have been a sacrifice by the groom's kraal to the ancestral spirit of the bride's kraal, made by the head of her kraal, of course, for the bride never worships her husband's, but her father's, ancestral spirit. The offering is made to the bride's ancestral spirit in order that it may not be displeased with those in her new home for taking her and that they may be benevolent to her and to them. Similarly a beast was sent by the bride's kraal to that of the groom as an offering in order that the ancestral spirits of the groom's family might be benevolent to their daughter and themselves.

Another beast is sent to the mother after the marriage to comfort her heart over the loss of her daughter. This goes to her youngest son. He gets this beast for every sister who marries the reason being that his elder brothers are provided for by the lobola received for their sisters, but he will have to get his cattle as

he can. A goat is killed for the bride and her girl friends the second day after the marriage.

Inheritance

Customs differ in different tribes and as the whole system is that of a pagan people there is much that is better untold. In some tribes the inheritance comes through the mother, and so many customs are reversed. The man on marriage goes to live with his wife's people. The children do not belong to him but to the mother, and as she cannot hold property, to her father or brother. If he wants to get any claim on them he must compensate his wife's people for giving them up and even then their affections will be toward her people.

The life of a bride is a very rigorous one the first few years. She has to show that she is good for something in her husband's kraal and that their cattle have not been parted with in vain. She carries wood and water, digs gardens, prepares food and rapidly loses her robust and youthful appearance.

Where the man goes to live with his father-in-law the tables are turned. It is he who has to show himself useful and he suffers many indignities. If there is serious illness in the home, if his children die, or especially should his wife die within a year or two after marriage it would be concluded that he is practising witchcraft against them. The argument seems to be that as the children belong to the wife's sib, and are greatly desired by them as additions to their power and wealth, he is thwarting their legitimate

hopes and expectations. This may lead to heavy demands on the husband before permission is given him to bury his wife. If he is unable to get the demands lowered, or to pay them, it may lead to a fight in which several are killed.

CHAPTER VI

TREKKING AGAIN

The South Africa Compounds and Interior Mission, operating on the Reef, soon found that they had a considerable following in Portuguese East Africa as their converts returned home and taught their people. These required supervision, which the mission was not able to give effectually, as they had no resident missionaries. The founder and many of his associates did not believe in taking medicines and this, doubtless, was a great obstacle to locating a man in the fever country for every time one of them made a protracted visit he took fever. Whatever the theory may be on this point, the results invariably are that those who do not take quinine, in malarial districts, either leave or die. Those who remain for years and carry on the work, in every case under my observation, take quinine. The usual dose is five grains per day. The anopheles injects the malarial germ into the blood and something must be taken to destroy the germ. With this precaution missionaries have spent forty-five years in Central Africa.

The Director of the Compounds Mission desired me to act as his agent in the supervision of their people in Gazaland, which joined our territory on the south. As no missionary had visited them for a long time we decided to make a trip there although the only avail-

able time was mid-summer. Accompanied by four porters I set out with a donkey on January 9th. This trip seems to have been unusual from the beginning. The carriers strayed and the donkey tired out the first day. We had to sleep without our bed. We held a quarterly meeting and pressed on, sleeping on the banks of the Inharrime River. The next day we crossed, but with the heat of the sun and straggling carriers we were only thirty-five minutes away from the river at 6 p. m. If the sky was clear the sun was too hot for traveling between nine a. m. and four p. m., so we trekked by night.

The Despot, Gungunyana

We visited the deserted village of the late paramount chief of the Shangaans, Gungunyana, who died in exile in Cape Verde Islands in 1907, he having rebelled against the Portuguese Government. The huts had been burned when he was captured but the walls of his harem were still in a good state of preservation. A local Shangaan who showed us over the site, on being asked how many wives Gungunyana had replied, "Could a man count the wives of Gungunyana? They were like the grass. There would be a thousand."

This man also said that at the end of every moon, by order of this tyrant, an ox had a fore and a hind leg cut off. Then in a deafening roar of excitement the son of some one of his prominent headmen, previously agreed upon in secret, was seized and had his arm and leg cut off. The man and the ox were left to

die. The meat from the several limbs was roasted, ground, and put into the beer to make the soldiers courageous. It is also stated that he killed his own son with his own hand because he had been educated by the Portuguese and asked a favor of his father. Similarly the brutal Zulu king Chaka is said to have killed his mother and then had every man killed who came into his presence with dry eyes. The people prepared strong snuff to insure a profuse flow of tears. The Zulus say he also had all the young calves killed in order that the cattle might join in the wail that went up throughout the whole land.

Gungunyana's greatness consisted in the number of men he had killed, the number of his wives and in his bodily nakedness. His people wore clothes. He did not need any. Could clothes add anything to his imperial majesty?

Baptism

Meeting the people of the Compounds Mission we had a long discussion as to ways and means of carrying on the work. Sunday we had an all day meeting with a baptism service at the lake, six miles away. I asked them if there were any crocodiles in the water and being told that there were, asked them if they were not afraid. They replied, "Surely God will not allow any evil to befall us while we are doing His bidding," and feeling quite secure behind such unfaltering faith we baptized thirty without untoward circumstance.

Praying for Rain

Rising at 1:30 a. m. we started on the long journey homeward. A hissing by the side of the path warned the men of the presence of a puff-adder. These are not active but are a very venomous specie of snake. The men were able to locate it in the darkness and despatched it with their sticks. The second day we were all tired by 9:30 a. m. and the sun being exceedingly hot, we remained in a kraal till the evening. The rains had not come in season and the maize had burned up in the sandy soil. Famine was looming ominously before them and the rain doctors were busy concocting medicines and beating their drums at the appearance of any little cloud however white or high in the air. The women had adorned themselves with garlands of palms and carrying spears were marching from village to village in an effort to frighten away the preventing causes.

Seeing me lying on a mat on the ground they advanced in solid formation with quickened pace, brandishing their spears and chanting wildly. As I made no effort to move they swerved off, circled and advanced again only to repeat the former maneuvers. A man then took my sjambok and drove them off.

In the insufferable heat of the afternoon my porters called the people together and preached the Gospel to them. In the discussion that followed they asked if Jesus could make rain. This was a challenge they were not prepared to take up nor yet were they prepared to desert the field so they came to me and expressed the desire that although they knew I was sick and weary I should come to their help, if only

for a few minutes, as they did not know what to answer. I went, trusting in God, who always gives special grace for special occasions.

Joining the circle seated in the sand I went through the elaborate formalities becoming the dignity of such assemblies, and after some delay began the conversation. It was along this line. There were two great spirits; one good, one evil. The Good Spirit was our Creator and desired our worship. The Evil Spirit was His enemy and desired us to follow him. Their sin was that instead of worshiping the Good Spirit they were in league with His enemy and consulted him through the witch doctor with his divining bones on all occasions. If they would promise to leave the worship of evil spirits and pray to Jesus only, He would give them rain that day.

Virgin Soil

Here there was a pause and they took up the matter. Some said, "We are all dead men; we have no food; let us agree." Others raised objections. After some discussion the spokesman said, "Missionary, you are here to-day and gone to-morrow. You are not leaving any one to teach us. We might promise, but after a while when we have trouble we would not know what to do and would turn back to the spirits and they would devour us."

It was most pathetic as it was all too true. We replied that we could not promise rain, under the circumstances, but the Lord was very merciful and we would all bow down and ask Him to remember them.

They all put their heads in the dust and joined, in spirit, in a short prayer.

I had fever that afternoon and my porters roused me at five o'clock saying they were afraid that if we did not start homeward we would never get there. They assisted me to mount and we traveled till 11 p. m. when we arrived at the kraal of a chief. Feeling utterly miserable, I preferred the open to the hut given me and had my cot and mosquito canopy arranged under a spreading tree. I lay down after having given orders that no preaching service was to be held with the people as we must rise at two a. m. It was too much to expect. They said, "Yes, Mfundisi," but tired and hungry as they were they could not pass without leaving a message of hope. Having been delivered, perhaps they knew the joy of deliverance from the galling yoke of heathenism better than we, and perhaps they felt, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." As they bowed in prayer "the heavens gave rain," and such a rain as fell that night! We did not get away till six the next morning.

Fidelity

After days of heat and nights of travel we arrived home more dead than alive. The donkey having given out, we hired another from an Arab trader for the last twenty miles. He was a nimble animal and as we had already traveled about thirty miles that day I proposed to go home alone as fast as I could and leave my porters at a neighboring out-station for the

week-end, to rest. But I did not know African porters. The man said, "I think I ought to go along with you in case anything happens to you as you are not well. I can run and keep up. You need go no slower on my account. I am not tired. The others can remain but let me go with you." When I agreed the small donkey boy, Dambusi, a mere lad who always accompanied me, turned his back and began to cry. He wanted to go. But I insisted that he was tired and I could not wait for him. He contended that he was not tired; that he could run the twenty miles and I need not be delayed by him. He was always as faithful to me as one human being could be to another. If I went to town and left him at the Bay to wait for me and care for the donkey he would be there if I did not return till midnight. Permission had to be given and, wiping away his tears on his bare brown arms, he smiled again.

We now gave instructions to the two old women who carried bundles on their heads as to where they would rest over the Sunday. A good deal of feeling was struggling for expression with their wry faces, usually so inscrutable, and one replied so indignantly, "Mfundisi, how would it look if we after having agreed to go with you and take care of you and carry these bundles should desert you in the way and leave you to go home alone? How would that look?" I replied that no matter how it looked I was sick and had to get home as soon as possible and I could not be detained by them. They said, "Let us go and you will see." Parleying being useless, we gave permission. While light lasted, as we glanced back at the

turns of the road they were coming and when we arrived at 11:50 Saturday night they were there.

Sunday morning, after prayers, the whole kraal came to welcome us home, and to report everything that had happened in our absence. They go into minute details on such occasions ending by saying the Lord has helped them and they thank Him. On this occasion, seeing I was weary, they cut it short and as soon as I disappeared in my room they turned on my porters and with the utmost indignation accused them of not taking care of me, allowing me to travel in the sun and not getting me proper food. They had watched over me like guardian angels and were most miserable and worried when I was not well and I had to take their part and silence their accusers, although I have no doubt they argued it out among themselves later.

CHAPTER VII

TRAINING TEACHERS

It was early evident that some better training must be given to our teachers, and that the Portuguese language must be the medium of instruction for the higher standards. Appeals were made for a young man to be sent to Portugal to learn Portuguese and then open a school to train native workers. The Board, on two occasions, made such an appointment but the appointee never reached Inhambane. The Portuguese Government now began to bring pressure to bear on us and closed our bush schools that were conducted in the native language, although the evangelists were allowed to preach. This was a great hardship as every convert wanted to learn to read the New Testament and Hymn Book. It was not till 1917, ten years later, that Miss Armstrong was sent out to teach. She took lessons in Portuguese in the town of Inhambane, traveling back and forth to Mabile until she passed her examination and was given the first certificate. It was well earned and she received the congratulations of all those interested in the work at Inhambane on her pluck, perseverance and success.

But a second certificate was necessary and she, and Miss Latshaw who had come out in 1920 to assist in the school, went to Lourenço Marques to study. It

seemed impossible to find suitable rooms, but when hope had almost fled a suitable place was providentially opened to them. Permission was secured from the Principal of a private school to enter the ordinary day classes. This Portuguese gentleman and his wife, who also taught, did their best to assist the ladies in their studies. They allowed no English in the schoolroom, and while this was exceedingly embarrassing for Miss Latshaw, in particular, who had not studied Portuguese previously, it made it necessary to practise every word learned and phenomenal progress was the result. At the end of the year both missionaries secured the coveted "Secunda Grau," the second certificate that confers the right to conduct school anywhere in the province. For both, this represented a splendid achievement, but particularly so for Miss Latshaw who secured the two certificates in one year. Their success inspired others to try, and several missionaries of other denominations have since secured certificates from this same school. The opening of the school marked an epoch in our work and is graphically described by these two ladies in the Inhambane Tidings of September, 1924.

"July Second"*

"Wednesday, July second, was a great day in the lives of some of our Inhambane young people. Why? It was the opening day of a school for which many had been hoping and praying for years.

*The quotation "July Second" refers to the school now being conducted to train teachers while "Inhamaxafo's First School" refers to a training school for evangelists.

“The day had been preceded by days and weeks of preparation on the part of teachers and pupils. In the first place who should be chosen to attend? Hundreds wished to come but accommodations made possible the housing of only forty. So weeks before applicants from out-stations came to the main stations to be viewed and interviewed. From the long list of names thus obtained the favored ones were chosen.

“Many had to travel on foot seventy miles or more to reach the place. Fearful of not arriving on time some had left their homes nearly a week ahead of time, so began arriving on Saturday. Monday brought a large delegation; on Tuesday came the others. Some were small girls, others larger; some were boys of varying ages and sizes; the remainder were men, some of whom had left wives and children behind them to avail themselves of the opportunity of treading the path of learning for a few months.

“The long dormitory built of reeds, poles and grass, which had been silent for months, now became a scene of bustling activity as the boys and men arranged their few belongings near the crude bedsteads which formed the only furniture of their apartment. Through a thin reed partition could be seen the tables, benches and dishes of the boys’ dining room, now being honored by two regular daily visits from the men and boy students.

“Near the home of the lady teachers, and at some distance from the dormitory described, could be seen the girls’ quarters. Their dormitory had no visible furniture during the daytime but at night mats are spread on the floor, where the girls sleep after wrap-

ping themselves in their blankets. The dining room is near to the sleeping house but in a separate building.

“The most popular place, however, is the ‘hall of learning,’ the church building, which is utilized also for a school building. An eager group assembled here the morning of the second. After devotional exercises the examination of the students began. A few were good readers in their own language, could write a fairly legible hand, and had a slight knowledge of numbers. Others, we learned, must climb from the very first rung of the ladder.

“During the examination, which proceeded steadily through the day with an intermission for dinner, two cooks were busy preparing food for hungry students who would soon emerge from school. The corn, peanuts and salt had been measured out before seven o’clock in the morning. Two helpers had been busy grinding the corn, pounding the peanuts, carrying the water and going for wood.

“During the work hours preceding and following the classroom hours groups of girls could be seen going to and fro from the well carrying water in buckets on their heads; boys might be seen in groups sawing or chopping wood, cleaning paths or making gardens.

“The first day is typical of succeeding days, with their varying activities for all classes of people who have any relation to the school. In this connection should be mentioned our nurse, Miss Moreland, who has found her duties increased with the coming of so many at the cool season when colds are so prevalent among the people.

“Please pray for this favored group of learners but do not forget the hundreds of others who are longing for the same privilege but must be denied until other teachers feel the call, respond to it, and prepare themselves for service among these ‘little ones’ of His. Call it not duty but privilege to answer His summons with a glad heart.”

“Inhamaxafo’s First School”

“The first school at Inhamaxafo opened with an enrolment of forty-four pupils. Of this number forty were native preachers, men whose education, so far as book-learning is concerned, was limited to reading and writing, and save in a very few cases, these acquirements were executed very poorly. However they could not be called ignorant men for they had found the fountainhead of truth and knowledge, Jesus Christ, and were enabled through Him to tell the Gospel Story, preach the Word, shepherd the flock, and rise to a position of influence among their people. They also possessed a knowledge of nature which enabled them to provide food and shelter for their families.

“The school assembled in a small iron building equipped with three tables, six benches and two wooden blackboards. Most of the pupils ranked in second grade and it was pathetic to see those sturdy fellows laboriously trying to solve sums involving the second addition table; learning to read smoothly and to write legibly. In a few months an advancement was evident in most of them.

“At first, classroom methods were quite puzzling to them and especially group presentation. It was apparent they were dissatisfied unless individual instruction was given. One day, after explaining to the group a certain problem, an order was given for its execution, one after the other said, ‘nzi gonzise’ (teach me) and one fellow, July, came and knelt at the desk inquiring in a pleading tone why the teacher neglected him. She asked, ‘Did not I teach you? I have taught all of you together just now.’ But he insisted that he was neglected so nothing further could be done but to ‘specialize’ him and the others. However they soon became accustomed to organization and classroom methods and were quite happy.

“They soon learned that the ‘ndlela ya kugonza’ (road to knowledge, as we say) was not flowery and easy to walk therein. Many were the times they remarked, ‘Our heads are so hard nothing enters, it is impossible, I am in the midst of trouble,’ and so on. Every day prayer was made in behalf of their accomplishing the day’s work. ‘O Lord, open our heads so we can learn, give teacher patience, give her a heart of encouragement,’ was the common petition of each student.

“They were very thankful for each new idea or thought which they were able to grasp and their appreciation was versed in praise to God for the same. Having learned that the light of the sun was natural and that of a candle artificial, Frank Gitimani burst out in joyful thanksgiving and praise to God for giving him the opportunity of learning.

“School days were full of interest and enjoyment

for the teacher. Each lesson was sure to be fresh and full of new thoughts and the pupils so full of insatiable thirst for the same that the hum of industry and progress prevailed and the men, full of the Spirit, gave the school a high moral character.”

CHAPTER VIII

MEDICAL WORK

The care of the sick has always been an important branch of the mission activities. Complicated cases are not undertaken as there are Portuguese doctors at Inhambane and at many of the Administration centers. For a time this department was in the hands of Doctor and Mrs. Backenstoe, but in later years a nurse is resident at each station and the more serious cases go to the Portuguese doctors or the doctor of the Methodist Episcopal Mission with whom a working agreement is maintained. For years an American nurse was supplied for this hospital, and a certain portion of the expense of supplying medicines was borne by each mission. An agreement between the missions is still in effect.

For the benefit of the American missionaries, as well as the natives, it is very necessary that there should be one medical missionary in the district, but as it is difficult to get a Portuguese medical diploma, and complications are possible where this is not possessed, and the number of Portuguese physicians is increasing, it is doubtful if missions ought to develop this branch beyond what nurses can do, unless or until, doctors with Portuguese diplomas are available. Much suffering is relieved and many lives saved by the nurses. The following account by Nurse More-

land gives a glimpse of the nature of emergency cases that come to her.

Chalana

“As you may imagine, all phases of this work are very interesting but once in a while there comes something unusual which one especially remembers.

“Such a case came several weeks ago. A little boy about ten or eleven years old was brought to us at supper time one evening. He is a half brother of one of our head evangelists. The evangelist's name is Chala and the boy is Chalana, or little Chala. He had been herding the donkeys for his big brother and noticed the biggest of the number trying to overpower a colt. True to his duty he stepped in, and got the baby donkey away but the big one turned on him. In telling us about it he said the donkey ‘felt anger to me.’ The result was a badly bitten and bruised face for poor Chalana. The teeth of the donkey had gone clear through the lad's mouth, both upper and lower lips, and had also left an ugly tear near the inner corner of the right eye. Under his chin was an awful bruise due to a kick from the furious little beast.

“The evangelist had evidently torn one of his shirts to make a bandage and, after binding up the lad's bleeding face, had put him on another donkey; and, with a young man to help him, had started him on his three hours' trip to the mission station.

“When he reached us we cleansed his sores as best we could. Then we built an outdoor fire, put on a pot of water, and for a couple of hours applied hot compresses of potassium permanganate.

“It is not often we reap our fruits so soon, but the Lord did bless the means used and spared the sight of his eye. In about ten days he was able to return home, his face practically healed.

“This is only one of the times God has blessed the drugs and the patients have recovered in a shorter time and with less scar than we could have hoped for. Oh, the blessedness of ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’ It more than repays us to know our work is really ‘unto Jesus.’ ”

Jigger Fleas

The jigger flea bores in the thick skin of the feet and lays its eggs which develop in a sack as big as a small pea. These, in aggravated cases, lie crowded together under the nails of the toes. When removed there remains an open channel right across the front of each toe. The native way of removing them from the children’s feet is to get a thorn or piece of broken sea shell with a sharp corner. While one holds the struggling patient another operates. There being no “medical comforts” the sufferer shrieks, “Alas! Alas! My mother! I’m dead! I’m dead!”

A missionary once visited the place who thought it might be carelessness on the part of the missionaries to get jiggers in their feet. He was given a new room upstairs and was careful to use slippers and never step on the floor. On retiring the seventh day he complained of itchy, burning spots and had seven jiggers removed before he went to sleep. Kerosene oil



MISS MORELAND AT WORK



INHAMAXAFO HOME FOR SINGLE MISSIONARIES

applied night and morning is a strong deterrent, and one may live there for years without trouble.

Complications

There are ugly sores to be treated, teeth to be pulled, skin diseases, children's ailments and wounds caused by wild beasts. By preventing blood poisoning many lives are saved. A native mother has been known to disinfect the bite of a monkey on her child by pouring boiling brine over it. The resulting scald was painful to behold and covered several square inches of skin. Great care must be exercised by the nurse as most malignant germs abound. Notwithstanding careful disinfecting a missionary got one of these in her hand and it was only with the best of medical skill and nursing that her life was spared after untold suffering.

When our daughter, Florence, was four months old we took her to Inhambane. Conditions were rather primitive in those days and she suffered a great deal from fever which developed in serious form when her mother took her to Germiston toward the end of the year. For this reason it was considered unsafe to take her back the following year and so she was given into the tender love and care of Mr. and Mrs. Ryff who had no children at that time, and who took her into their hearts as their own. With them she learned to walk and talk and when we returned after eleven months their lives were so entwined that it was a tremendous wrench for them to give her up. On the other hand she did not know her mother and while

her heart was breaking in its love for her wee girlie and wanted to find satisfaction and consolation in fondling and caressing her, the little girl was exceedingly shy. With the good climate and excellent care she had greatly improved in health and her mother did not take long to decide that she was not going to Inhambane again without her. With improved conditions children have been born and raised there and seem to be perfectly well and strong.

CHAPTER IX

INHAMAXAFO STATION

For years the need of another mission station, situated inland, from which to oversee the work south of the Inharrime River had been keenly felt. Missionaries had explored for suitable locations, and an effort made to secure Government land in Chopiland near to the home of Peter Magubeni's people. A German merchant acted as agent. The land was marked out and cement beacons set. When the Great War broke out he was interned and his papers seized. He was never able to find them and others secured the site which was both picturesque and ideal. During the years Greeks had secured land in various places from the Government for farms, and finally had been given titles. One of these farms containing 330 hectares (about 820 acres) within three miles of the town of Inharrime, the residence of the Administrator of the Circumscription and the terminus of the railway, was purchased in June, 1920, for the mission. The farm, situated on an arm of the Inharrime River, is beautiful for situation and convenient for river travel.

Formerly, portions of it were planted with sugar cane. This was cultivated by local labor at a cost of perhaps ten cents per day and when mature was passed through the rollers and the juice made into

rum, which in turn, was sold to the natives. The resultant demoralization from many such farms was such that the supply of labor for the gold mines of the Transvaal was interfered with and on representation being made to the Government a prohibitive tax was laid on cane grown for this purpose which resulted in its being pulled up by its owners.

Taking Possession

On July 26, 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, accompanied by Misses Rice and Armstrong, the nurse and principal of the school, with great rejoicing and gratitude to God, formally took possession of the land and looked it over for the best building sites. There was to be one for the missionary in charge, another for a school with residence for the principal and her assistants, and a leper colony which must be at a considerable distance from, and preferably out of sight of, the other buildings. Small water courses running into the lake divided the land into gentle undulations or alluvial hills, so that admirable building sites, sufficiently removed for privacy and near enough for convenience, were readily located. The house of God, around which all these activities must revolve, was conveniently located in the center.

Building Operations

Soon the place became a scene of great activity as preparations were made for building houses the following year. Soft chalkstone, the only stone any-

THE KANAKA WOMEN OF THE KANAKA



KANAKA



where for miles, was to be quarried on the farm for foundations, huge patriarchs of the forest were to be felled and rolled to the saw-pit there to be ripped with pit-saws into timbers and boards, for doors, windows and door frames, 30,000 bricks to be molded and grass shelters constructed for drying them. A kiln was to be constructed and wood cut to burn the bricks. Cement was to be carried on the heads of women in fifty pound loads from the railway station, and ever there lurked beyond the horizon the rainy season coming in November. Kipling says:

"It will not do for the Christian
To worry the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles,
And it weareth the patience down."

But the Africans are willing workers and when the dust cleared away as the rains broke the missionary wrote that he was not going to try to make any more bricks this year, "It will be an easy matter to burn 20,000 more next dry season."

The farm house might do for a white man who had been debauched by pagan Africans while exploiting them, but needed much to make it a missionary home. Having completed its transformation and built a house for the school staff and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs left for America, accompanied by Miss Armstrong, toward the close of 1922.

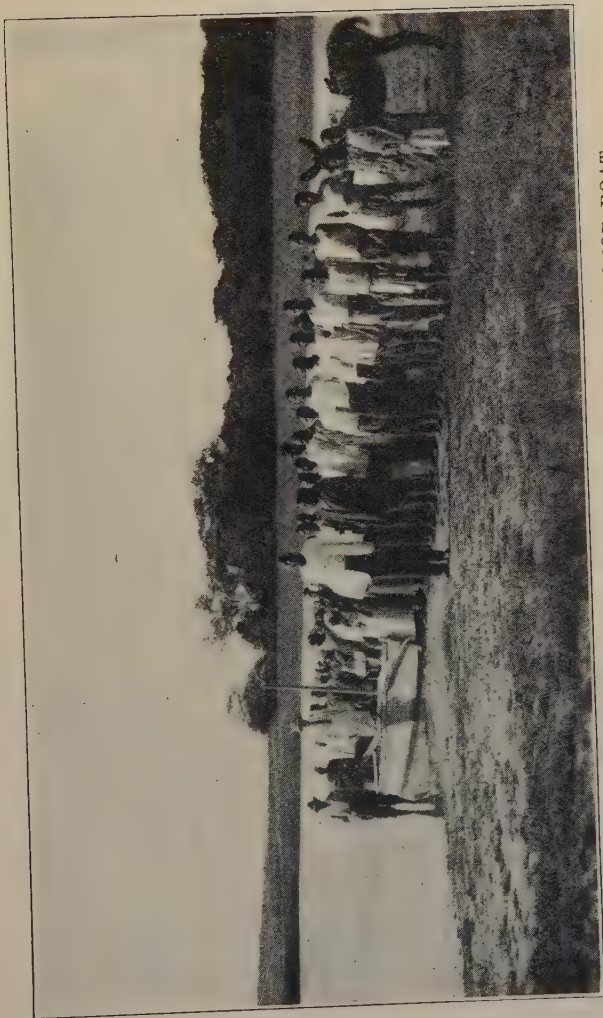
In Natal a Scandinavian builder was found who went to the assistance of Mr. Smith the next dry season to build the church as he found it difficult to build houses and serve as pastor of a district with more than sixty churches scattered over it. The resi-

dences and the church are substantial and comfortable with a prospect over an expanse of the Inharrime River, here about three miles wide, and what appears to be an interminable forest, in Chopiland, but what is in reality, a thickly populated district with much cultivated land. Through the special gift of friends water has been piped into and electric lights installed in one of these houses.

The church is of brick plastered with cement and measures 30x75 feet, with three rooms at the back. Benches are provided for the local congregation but when the people from the out-stations come in, mats on the floor are also used. The building is large enough for all practical purposes, but when all the congregations of the district come together they have to assemble under the trees, so mightily hath God wrought.

The River and Its Denizens

The river has two arms stretching in the form of a right angle and provides an excellent waterway for visiting many of the out-stations situated near it. The pastor travels in a motor-boat with ease and pleasure where formerly he trudged sorely over the burning sands consumed by an unquenchable thirst. The river being infested with hippopotami, he must have a care not to run over one. This almost happened on one occasion. A medical missionary was pursued by one of these brutes but was able to get ashore in time. These monsters make nocturnal visits to the gardens and devour huge quantities of maize. It is said that



LEAVING AN OUT-STATION. TREKKING WITH A MOTOR BOAT

a missionary, having secured permission to protect his crops from their attacks, sat up at night and wounded one so badly that although it made off the natives living some distance away had a great feast a few days later. Crocodiles also infest this river but are very wary when approached. They prefer hunting to being hunted.

Prospects for Development

The soil of the district is a deep, rich, red loam. It is suitable for maize, peanuts, cotton, coffee, citrus fruits and bananas. Labor is plentiful and cheap. As this is to be the training center, agriculture will probably form a special department and enough produce be grown to supply the needs of the schools, at least. It is generally recognized by governments and missionaries in Africa that while book learning should be provided, industrial training, chiefest of which should be agriculture, should form a very important part of their education. Dr. Jesse Jones speaks of the fundamentals of elementary education as "the four simples" of education: "First, sanitation and health; second, agriculture and simple industry; third, the decencies and safety of the home; and fourth, healthful recreation." Our school is moving along these lines but it will be years before we can turn out certificated native teachers to take charge of schools.

CHAPTER X

THE NATIVE CHURCH: PRESENT AND FUTURE

Administration

The development of a native church that will be self-supporting, self-governing and self-propagating must be the final aim of all missionary work. Among the Bantu this must be a process covering many years, but the ideal must never be lost sight of. A financial policy that will be far above their resources for all time to come should not be adopted, or the fruit is destroyed in the bud. Remarkable progress has been made by Bantu peoples whose evangelists received no support from over-seas. They have always been accustomed to giving gifts to their chiefs and great men and their evangelists and pastors soon become their real leaders. Self-support is not always possible from the beginning but it may be set back on the dim horizon of possibilities by a too liberal system of payments. It is sometimes thought that without money payments no control could be exercised by the missionary over the native church. This thought is too unworthy to be seriously entertained. A money control is the worst kind of control. Neither does the evidence bear out the contention. Our church in the Transvaal is entirely self-supporting. It pays its own evangelists and teachers, builds its own churches

and pays the traveling expenses of its supervising missionaries and yet nowhere is greater deference paid to the opinions of missionaries and their destinies are guided as effectually as in any other place in our work. In 1924 they raised \$3,000.00, all of which was administered by the missionary in charge. The same principle applies to self-government. Where the policy is to govern them there is no end of friction but where it is rather to guide them there is a great bond of affection and brotherly love.

The methods of a neighboring mission also illustrate this policy. When a man desires to open an out-station in a new place he is given no recognition until he has five families in his village. Then he is given a Class Leader's license and enough money from the mission treasury to pay his taxes. When he has ten huts he is given an evangelist's license and in addition to his hut tax the local offerings are supplemented so as to bring his income up to a minimum amount. If his work falls off he is reduced again after having had a year's warning. This reducing is done by the quarterly conference, composed almost exclusively of natives, and without the quarterly conference it could not be done.

Aggressive Evangelism

While institutions are necessary for the training of native leaders and for the alleviation of suffering the direct evangelization of the people must ever occupy the first place. In a paper read before the For-

oreign Missions Conference of North America this point is strikingly stated by Milton T. Stauffer.

“Mission Administrators must be warned against allowing institutional features of missionary work to claim so large a part of their resources in men and money that the more mobile features of missionary work automatically become neglected. Educational and medical commissions very naturally recommend institutional developments and call for increased institutional workers. Shall this be at the sacrifice, however, of a strenuous and greatly strengthened program of mobile evangelistic work in which the missionary retains his enviable place of leadership? If so, we may soon find a Christian basis * * * too narrow and shallow to carry our huge superstructure of industrial work and keep it aggressively Christian.”

The importance of a wise choice when opening new fields must also be stressed. If the home church is to have sufficient scope to reproduce itself and its ideals in a strong, virile form that will be a factor in the evangelization of the country for all time to come it must secure a sphere sufficiently removed from the activities of other societies or the seeds of decay will be planted in the first effort. If strong influences surround it on every side it can never develop sufficiently in numbers to become a permanent and powerful agency. The phenomenal growth and promise of a strong, self-supporting, permanent church in the Inhambane district of Portuguese East Africa, is traceable largely to the extent of the opportunity afforded for the preaching of the Gospel there. Forty

years ago we began with two other societies and to-day these are the only societies maintaining white missionaries in the district. With comparatively small effort we number our people by thousands, and still have ample room for development, while in other parts where many societies are at work, with a larger staff we count but hundreds with a membership all but stationary. The distressing overlapping and competition increases with the years until it becomes a case of "the survival of the fittest."

CHAPTER XI

LIONS

Lions infest certain districts and in addition to destroying considerable numbers of cattle and donkeys may break into the frail houses of the people and carry off one of the inmates. It is usually an old lion that becomes so bold. Its teeth have been broken or worn down until it can no longer hold its prey, so driven by hunger, it seeks human victims. Natives sometimes build a sleeping shelter in a tree. A ladder leads from the door of the hut. Not all the family can be provided for aloft, so the head of the home and his best wife may occupy it while the family sleep below.

The natives graphically described the death of a woman by lions to one of our missionaries who came upon the scene soon after it happened. Two women had been gathering salt and cleaning it on the shores of a lake. They must needs remain the night so prepared to sleep in the open. Presently lions appeared. Their supply of wood was insufficient to keep fires burning all night so they were in dire distress. Summoning their courage they took fire-brands and drove the lions away and then made a dash in the opposite direction for a distant tree.

The natives said the lions returned and sat down and looked at the pots for a time. Then they said,

“These are very queer people, they never move.” They came nearer, and catching the scent followed the flying women. They seized one and the other was able to gain the refuge of the tree where she spent the night. One of these marauding brutes came into the Mabile mission station at night, within one hundred yards of the house, but passed on without doing any damage.

Death of Stefane

The greatest loss the mission has sustained by lions was the death of a very prominent evangelist who had been chosen by the native church and the missionaries to be trained with a view to ordination. A lion came Saturday night and took a pig from the pen. It was feared that he might return and take a person, so the men decided to hunt him Sunday morning. They had one old, obsolete gun. The others carried spears or clubs and they sallied out to meet the king of the forest in his lair. They came upon the partially devoured carcass of the pig, and a little farther on, the lion himself, sleeping, after his night of dissipation. When they had stealthily surrounded him a shot was fired, but he was only enraged by it. Bounding through the ring he fell upon Stefane, who, in the unequal combat, shoved his arm into its throat to protect himself from its teeth. He was terribly bitten and mauled. This was no time for craven hearts or half measures. The men closed quickly while man and beast fought in a welter of blood. One caught him by the tail. Others used their spears and

clubs to such good purpose that he expired on the spot. The Administrator sent a wagon and brought the carcass in and pronounced it the largest lion that had been killed in the district for some years.

The man was carried twenty miles to the mission station and carefully nursed but he died a day or two later with the simplest faith and trust in his Savior. They were all conscience-smitten over having gone out to hunt the beast on the Lord's Day, and seemed to think it was because of this sin that this evil befell them. Let each one of us decide the point for ourselves. I would count it an honor to shake hands with men who could go out in defense of their homes to face a lion with a spear or a club and in the crucial moment rally, though empty handed, and catch the monster by the tail.

Night Attacks

But men become strangely familiar with lions. Here is my friend who supports a missionary family in Kenya and grows coffee. The natives reported that a lion was in the cattle kraal and he took a lantern and went out to see how he had fared. The glare of the eyes of a larger animal in the calf pen brought forth the question as to why they had put that cow with the calves. They told him that was the lion and looking again he saw its eyes were too close together for those of a cow. It killed six calves before it left.

A missionary from Central Africa told of how they trekked, each year, to the game country to secure

their supply of biltong (dried meat). In their encampment the women occupied one tent and the men another. The oxen were tied by their horns to their yokes which were attached by the trek chain to the wagon. There being sixteen oxen they could move around a considerable distance. Fires were kept burning at night as a protection against lions. These animals hunt in twos or threes. One goes up to windward and as his scent comes to the oxen they are sure to stampede in the other direction to the limit of their tether. This is the opportunity of the one to leeward which springs in and carries off an ox.

In this encampment there was a commotion among the oxen one night and the men quickly blew up the fires. The women were also roused and putting out their heads inquired what had happened. Receiving the reassuring reply, "Nothing, only a lion had been about and frightened the oxen," they retired again but in the morning one of them said she put an extra safety-pin in the flap of the tent before going to sleep.

Any one desirous of reading of lions and adventures in hunting them should get "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," by Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.

CHAPTER XII

RAPID DEVELOPMENT

Reorganization

In 1924 the Missionary Secretary, Rev. W. B. Olmstead, visited the field. Previously our African work was all organized in the South Africa Mission Conference which was held in Natal. Portuguese Governmental permission had to be secured to enable a delegate either from Inhambane or the Transvaal to attend. The cost was very high and when in conference they could do little more than to fraternize with the South African brethren, as their needs and problems were not understood, so that for some years they ceased to send delegates.

The church in the Transvaal is really an extension of the church at Inhambane, being formed exclusively of men visiting the Reef to work, whose families are at Inhambane. There was a real need for a conference between these two sections of the same church who are always coming and going but who have no dealings with the Natal and Pondoland people. The situation, then was, that Natal and Pondoland with sixteen evangelists and 716 members, had a conference while Inhambane and the Transvaal with 125 evangelists and 2,053 members, had none.*

*See Statistical Report in "Conference Minutes" for 1924.



INHAMBANE NATIVE PREACHERS

The Missionary Secretary, instructed by the General Conference, brought the question of separating these districts before the missionaries at Itemba mission station in April, 1924, and without a dissenting vote it was decided to do so. A constitution for the Provisional Conference of Portuguese East Africa and the Transvaal was drafted and brought before the missionaries assembled at Inhamaxafo, by whom it was approved and having been passed upon by the Missionary Board the first conference was convened in April, 1925.

Famba Kwatsi Meeting

During this visit of the Missionary Secretary a general meeting of the native church was called which lasted five days. The character of seventy-five evangelists was duly examined before renewing their licenses. The religious services were held under large spreading trees and about 1,200 people were present. Great rejoicing was manifest everywhere and when the Spirit of the Lord moved upon them they gave vent to their feelings in vigorous hand clapping, from time to time. The times of prayer were most earnest and hearts were melted to contrition and tears. It is not possible to measure the results of such a meeting when the native church comes into close contact with representatives from home and realizes that close communion with God is the watchword of the home church as it is of the missionaries on the field.

The missionaries lived in certain huts that had been vacated by their owners, temporarily. One night

there came a rapping on our door and on going to open it I found the owner of the hut who had just returned home from working at Johannesburg. He went elsewhere and left us in peace.

The woman Jichoni, who had lived with us during the time her divorce was pending, now married again, attended this meeting. We had not seen her for seventeen years. Her affection for, and attachment to my wife knew no bounds. She caught her by both hands and told all her friends, "This is my mother, my own mother."

Sunday was the great day of the feast. Meetings lasted all day and into the night. After the love-feast the Missionary Secretary ordained two native men who had been serving as pastors over the evangelists for years. They were earnest, humble, indispensable, God-fearing workers, and we thanked God that in ordaining them, we had no fears as to their worthiness. He then preached with much unction.

In the afternoon 146 were received on probation and 123 in full connection, while 70 infants and 123 adults were baptized. Then followed the great meeting when we gathered around the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our Lord. This is always a solemn service. We thought back over the years when we ministered to twos and threes. Now the good seed has borne an hundredfold.

The stewards pushed the people back forming a large hollow circle. A plan was drawn on the ground with sticks, leaving an aisle down the center, thus separating the congregation, the men on the right side and the women on the left. Lines, six feet apart,

were drawn parallel with the pulpit and the people meekly kneeled on those lines. Six ministers, two of them natives, distributed the elements. Again much emotion was pent up struggling for expression, as God, the Holy Spirit, brooded over all. What a triumph of the Gospel! What rejoicing in heaven! Five hundred fifteen, Batonga, Batswa and Bachopi communed together in sweetest fellowship and it was estimated that seven hundred fifty probationers were present who did not commune. Rightly or wrongly the missionaries have felt it was not best to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper before the sacrament of baptism. This results in a very high regard for both sacraments and we trust in a more careful self-examination before approaching the Lord's table.

The table of the Lord is jealously guarded by all who are interested in the work. Should some unworthy one approach, a gentle hand is laid on his shoulder by one of his brethren and he is asked to retire. There is some impediment and he must not eat and drink unworthily.

The service must be duly announced in order that preparations may be made for it. A missionary in South Africa had occasion to hold this service without previous announcement and no one responded to the invitation. On inquiry he was reminded that the service was always announced and they had time to make up any differences there might be between them, and as this had not been done they could not commune.

The offering was brought up with singing as they

marched past the table. It amounted to 300,000 reis or about \$12.00. But their liberality must be measured, not in dollars and cents but in terms of days' work as they only receive six or eight cents a day. It would therefore represent 170 days' work or at \$6.00 a day no less than \$1,000.00.

Our hearts were melted to tears over and over again as we contemplated what God has wrought. The old days of murder and hate past for so many and a new order of love and reverence established. And yet there are still many heathen in the land, much drunken debauchery, witchcraft and murder. The difference is that now we have more than one hundred preachers to evangelize their people and the work of the mission is to thoroughly train leaders and guide the present force. Additions to the church are at the rate of one thousand in two years. The future is full of hope; "bright as the promises of God."

Part II
THE TRANSVAAL

“Not to the rich He came and to the ruling,
 (Men full of meat, whom wholly He abhors),
Not to the fools grown insolent in fooling
 Most when the lost are dying at the doors.

“This is His will: He takes and He refuses,
 Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,
Wise ones nor mighty for His saints He chooses,
 No, such as John or Gideon or these.”

CHAPTER XIII

BOER AND BRITON

Since the day when Van Riebeeck established the first Dutch supply station at the Cape of Good Hope in 1652 and the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama discovered Natal on Christmas day, 1497, the history of the country records only short intervals free from war and strife. There were the hordes of uncivilized natives whose hostility might not have been provoked had Christian ethics always guided the actions of the invaders. Conquest and exploitation seem to have largely entered into the plans of the whites, which brought on many prolonged native wars. Then there was perpetual strife between Boer and Briton which culminated in the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902. Peace was signed on May 31st of the latter year and with that peace began a new era in South Africa.

The Transvaal and Orange Free State were administered by representatives of the British government until 1906 when Responsible Government was granted, first to the former and later to the latter, under the British flag.

In 1908, Lord Selbourne, the High Commissioner, issued his now famous memorandum in which he set out the difficulties arising continually because of the conflicting interests of the four separate, independent states, with customs and railway tariffs directed

against each other and suggested a federation or union of the four. This was a bold step, as already the Transvaal and Orange Free State were controlled by the Dutch, and such a scheme, if executed, would make them the dominant factor in the whole country, thus not only giving them back the Transvaal and Orange Free State, but Cape Colony and Natal as well. He proposed a National Convention to consider the matter. This met in Durban in 1908 and drafted a constitution which was submitted to and approved by the Legislative Assemblies of Cape Colony, Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Natal, being almost exclusively British, desired a referendum, and the vote, when taken, was strongly in favor of union as it was realized that the colony could not stand alone. The proposed constitution for the Union of South Africa was approved by the British House of Parliament and the first government took office in 1910, since when the Union has taken its place as one of the great self-governing dominions of the British Empire.

In honor of the National Convention a cruiser squadron, in command of Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, was sent to Durban. He was in charge of the naval force at Durban during the Boer War and sent some of his guns up to Ladysmith to defend the town during the memorable siege by the Boers. When he met the late General Botha in Durban the latter in greeting him said, "I wanted to come to Durban to see you in 1900 but I was hindered." The former replied, "Perhaps it is just as well that it turned out as it did then or we might not be here as we are to-day."

Cecil Rhodes

Two prominent figures stand out in the history of South Africa just as the names of Montcalm and Wolfe are immortal in Canadian history. After the country had been wrenched from the power of the Bantu hordes, two dominant races, Dutch and British, struggled for the mastery. Their champions, whose ambitions brought them into conflict, were Paul Kruger and Cecil Rhodes. Each was consumed by an unquenchable pride in the achievements and traditions of his countrymen and sought for them the dominant position. It was perhaps necessary that these fiery spirits, having brought their separate schemes to a measure of fruition, should pass on, in order that the saner and more peaceful counsels of a Botha should prevail.

We take the following from a review of "Some Incidents in the Life of Cecil Rhodes," by Vere Stent:

"In the course of centuries there arise here and there men who are accounted great because they have that within them which makes them conceive life on a grand scale. Rhodes, with not less vice in him than virtue, was such a man. He had bigness in his composition. His aspirations, his desires, his schemes, his appetites, his admirations, his successes and his failures were all big.

" 'I want the big and simple, barbaric if you like,' he said when he was getting himself a home. And he surrounded that home with fifteen hundred acres of ground, and brought part of a mount in for a background; and filled a vale with hydrangeas; and sat, when he wanted to think, on a ledge in his grounds

from which he could see both the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

“His ambitions were bounded only by the limits of the earth: ‘The extension of British rule throughout the world,’ he wrote in the will he made at the age of twenty-four. And he, Rhodes, was the man to inaugurate that extension.

“When he was concerned with diamonds he amalgamated all the diamond companies. When he sought wealth he made a million a year. When he entered politics he became a Prime Minister. When he needed a jumping off ground to raid the Transvaal he had Bechuanaland transferred from Imperial to Colonial control. When he went colonizing—or more simply, when he acquired rights over Rhodesia in the name of the British Empire—he added to his interests a land larger than France, Germany and the Low Countries combined. When he was besieged in Kimberley he wanted the whole course of a war deflected to the immediate purpose of relieving him. When he died he mingled his dust with the dust of a mountain-top. His will was the will of the greatest of the Cæsars.

“His gestures were large. His way with men was royal. He loved South Africa because its spaces were great enough to allow a big man to stretch himself. But there was magnitude, too, in his influence for evil. He spoiled charity. ‘Philanthropy plus five per cent,’ he said. He denied integrity. ‘Every man has his price,’ he said. He despised freedom. ‘I object to the ballot in toto * * * because I like to know how a person votes,’ he said.

“He was boundlessly arrogant. ‘Mr. Rhodes believes himself a young king, the equal of the Almighty,’ said Onze Jan. ‘And so, like Lucifer, he fell, too, destroying more than men—destroying the faith of men.’

“Yet the very failure of Rhodes, his very ugliness, will one day be seen to be of the essence of romance. After the Jameson Raid, he was a Rhodes broken and trying to piece the bits together into some semblance of the old Colossus. Jan Hofmeyr hears him crying, ‘Live it down? How am I to do it? Am I to get rid of myself?’

“Now Rhodes is in Rhodesia, with the remnants of his reputation in Rhodesia.

“‘What do they think of me in the Transvaal?’ he asks.

“‘They hate you pretty badly.’

“‘I suppose they are afraid. Well they have no need to be; they had the best of the last business. Kruger is a strong personality; predominant in a dominant race. That is the trouble. The Dutch and English are both dominant races. There is always trouble when two dominant races have to live side by side.’

“Now Rhodes pits himself in argument against the Matabele.

“‘Is it peace then,’ says Rhodes, ‘in the end?’

“‘How do we know that it is peace?’

“‘You have the word of Somabulane—of Babiaan, of Dhliso, chiefs of the House of the Kumalo.’

“‘It is good, my children, go in peace.’

“‘Hamba gahle, Aminduna.’

“ ‘Hamba gahle, Baba.’

“We stood erect just for one moment, and then, with a little pathetic gesture, a little reaching out to their friend and father, a little asking for just one more assurance, as if by common consent the Chiefs spoke together.

“ ‘Mehla umhlopi Baba’ (the eyes are white my father).

“ ‘The eyes are white,’ repeated Rhodes.

“ ‘Peace reigned over the Matoppos.’ ”

* * * * *

“But there comes another scene, a second indaba.

“ ‘The white man claims all the land.’

“ ‘We will give you settlements. We will set apart locations for you; we will give you land.’

“ ‘You will give us land in our own country!’ ”

The tomb of this “Empire Builder,” at his request, was blasted out of solid granite in a solitude of wild grandeur in the Matoppos Hills, called “World’s View.” In the loneliness of greatness, even in death, he sleeps in the heart of the land he won and his memory will ever live in the name Rhodesia.

CHAPTER XIV

PAUL KRUGER

A magnificent bronze statue of Kruger and his burghers was unveiled in Station Square, Pretoria, on October 10, 1925, by General Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union, in the presence of the Governor General and twenty thousand people. This statue was begun during the life of the late President, in 1894 and was first unveiled in Prince's Park, Pretoria, in 1913. From this comparatively obscure place it has been removed to the fine open square at the Station where every visitor to the capital may pause a moment to do homage to the memory of this greatest of South Africa's sons. The Prince of Wales, while on his visit to the Capital in June, 1925, slipped away from the crowds to visit the quiet cemetery on Church Street and laid a wreath on his grave.

At the unveiling in 1913, the late General Botha, then Prime Minister of the Union said:

"President Kruger! Countrymen, what are your feelings on seeing to-day the likeness of this great patriot? You, my countrymen of Dutch-speaking descent, will think of that simple man of extraordinarily great ability and iron will, of that pioneer of civilization in the wilderness. You will remember his intense patriotism, his unalterable loyalty and deep piety, and the blood courses quicker through your

veins. You think again of those days of strife, privation and misery, during which his fame reached its zenith. You picture to yourselves the last years of his life spent in sad and tragic solitude far away from the land and people whom he loved so well and for whom to him no sacrifice was too great, robbed of everything that was near and dear to him, crushed by misfortune, seeking and finding consolation in the Word of God, and your hearts are bowed down with grief.

“When you, my countrymen of English-speaking descent, look on this statue, you also will think of the man and his personality compels your admiration. Some of you think no doubt of those days when in him you imagined to see the personification of everything that was hostile to you, and you will ask yourselves the question, Has this enemy been crushed? Is not his spirit still living among us, and will it not continue to live?

“The thoughts of all of us involuntarily go back to that other great man whose name also has been inscribed in indelible characters in our history. We think of that sombre form on the slopes of Table Mountain—of Cecil Rhodes; we meditate on the conflicting ideals of two races which, as it were, appeared to be concentrated in these two great men and on the enormous impact when they met in a life and death struggle. Which was the stronger? Which the vanquished? In all humility we bow our heads and deeply realize the truth of the words: ‘Man proposes; God disposes.’

“Neither the ideals of the one, nor those of the

other have been realized in their entirety—God willed it otherwise. Much suffering had to be endured and many sacrifices made, but it was His will. Their and our clashing ideals had to be brought into harmony and we have found the necessary bond in the love for our common country. This is the reason why you, Dutch-speaking South Africans, in your homage to the hero who sprung from your race, see yourselves surrounded by your English-speaking countrymen who, without bitterness in their hearts, come to show their respect.

“Their posterity will, even as your children’s children, come reverently to lay their wreath on the statue of this renowned ancestor of yours.

“This, my countrymen, you will admit is really a grand event in our history—may it serve as a guide to you in the future. In doing this you are only following the advice which our late President impressed upon you—you remember his last words to his people, ‘Examine the past; select from it all that is beautiful, and create your future accordingly.’ ”

Let the author of the sketch of Cecil Rhodes also speak of Kruger :

“His hopes, his dreams, his cherished plans and projects all vanished into nothingness; nothing was left to him but his belief in God. ‘Kock has gone, Joubert has gone. I stand here alone.’ So he spoke from his accustomed place on the Rand, depleted by death and absence on service in 1900. ‘And here,’ he added, ‘when they come, the English will find me.’

“But this was not to be. His Government decided that he should go to Europe in the last hope of inter-

vention. The Queen of Holland, after consulting Downing Street, sent a man-'o-war to fetch him. To the last, religion and a pathetic belief that 'All will come right,' sustained the old African lion to die worthily.

"He closed his dictated volume of autobiography in this faith, 'Therefore, I resign myself to the will of the Lord. I know that He will not allow the afflicted people to perish. He is the Lord and all hearts are in His hand, and He turneth them whithersoever He will.'

"The English walked in reverent silence through the streets of Pretoria that December 16, 1904, when, to the deep diapason of English cannon, Kruger was carried to his last home in the Old Cemetery, so close to where he lived and reigned, it seems, so long ago."

"Who comes, to sob of slow breathed guns borne past
In solemn pageant? This is he who threw
Challenge to England. From the veld he drew
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause aghast
Before the bastions vast
And infinite redoubts of the Karroo.
'Pass friend,' who, living, were so stout a foe,
Unquelled, unwon, not uncommiserate."

CHAPTER XV

GOLD, GUNS AND GOVERNMENT

The Rand is a narrow strip of country sixty miles long, running east and west in the Transvaal with an altitude of about 6,000 feet. The gold bearing reef, first discovered in 1886 traverses its entire length. In places it outcrops and again it is being worked at a vertical depth of 7,000 feet. As the gold is found in solid rock that has to be blasted and brought on light railways, in some instances a mile or more underground, hauled to the surface, crushed into powder and then the gold extracted, a great outlay is necessary in labor and machinery.

The Government recently called for tenders to develop a very large mining lease area of 2,640 claims. It has been estimated by the Government Department of Mines that in order to sink shafts, carry out development and equip the property with machinery, buildings, etc., a sum of not less than 1,850,000 pounds sterling would be required before a single ounce of gold could be won.

Midway along the Rand Johannesburg sprung up, a thriving modern city of 250,000 Europeans. Within the municipal area are huge dumps of powdered rock from which the gold has been extracted, and compounds that house thousands of natives, so that you may see in one brief hour the pride and extrava-

gance of the highest type of civilization and the raw pagan native in his heathen dance, clothed principally in paint, skins and beads.

Gold mines are dotted all along this strip of country, a score of which are worked out and present a scene of desolation. Some idea of their importance may be gathered from the following statements taken from the Rand Daily Mail:

“Since their discovery till the end of 1924 they have produced £804,000,000 from five hundred million tons of ore. From August, 1914, till November, 1918, the period of the great war, they produced 159,063,332 pounds sterling, which was placed to the credit of the Allies and did much to win the war.

“The total development footage carried out until 1924 has been the equivalent of 3,250 miles or sufficient to tunnel the floor of the Atlantic from Glasgow to Quebec.

“The mines in the Transvaal employ 19,260 Europeans and 184,965 natives. They consume 36,769,100 pounds of explosives per year. In 1924 they crushed 28,209,073 tons of ore from which were extracted nine and one-third million ounces of gold worth over 42,000,000 pounds sterling. Of this, £27,608,156 was consumed in working costs, £14,500,000 was ‘working profits,’ and dividends of £9,544,516 were declared. Direct payments to the Government amounted to £3,000,000, and directly or indirectly the mines furnish 40% of the Union and Provincial Government revenues. In one way and another the mines distributed over £30,000,000 in South Africa in 1924. Over 50% of the gold of the world comes from this area.



HEAD GEAR ON A GOLD MINE

Methods of Extraction

“When a third of a century ago the workings of the Witwatersrand began to penetrate below water level, it was found that, although the gold contents of the reef were more or less maintained, the character of the ore underwent a very marked change. It became charged with iron sulphides, which meant that a much smaller percentage of the precious metal was caught by the amalgam or mercury tables. The cyanide process relieved the situation, and it is not too much to say that this method, in a large degree, proved the salvation of the Witwatersrand and of South Africa.

“In the cyanide process the gold in the ore is dissolved in a cyanide solution from which it is subsequently recovered by bringing the gold bearing solution into contact with zinc. When this is done the gold adheres to the zinc; it is ‘precipitated’ by zinc, to use the proper technical term.

“The zinc is ultimately treated with sulphuric acid, and the resultant slime containing the gold is filtered, calcined and smelted. In all, there is thus recovered about 96% of the gold which the rock originally contained.

The Revolt—Its Cause

“In the latter period of the war working costs increased greatly and after the Armistice, in the year or two of extravagant inflation which followed immediately on the heels of the war, prices of all commodities went up, and labor demanded and obtained

greatly increased wages. In 1921 working costs on the Witwatersrand had risen to twenty-eight shillings and eight pence per ton as compared with seventeen shillings and one pence per ton in 1914. For some time the mines had been enjoying the adventitious aid of the gold premium, but with the rise in dollars this gold premium began to decline and it soon became abundantly clear that if the gold mining industry was to survive, on any large scale of operations, the cost of production would have to be substantially decreased. Negotiations with this object in view, which were in progress during 1921 eventually culminated in the great strike and calamitous revolution of 1922."

The strike began January 1, 1922, just a week after I turned over Fair View Mission Station to my brother, A. E. Haley, and settled in Benoni, and it was declared off March 18. At first it was conducted in an orderly way, the thousands of idle men meeting in labor halls in the numerous towns along the Reef. Numerous speakers addressed them daily and an organized effort was made to keep their spirits up. The Government closed all the bars as a preventative measure.

As the officials, assisted by some of the workers began a semblance of operations after the mines had been closed a long time, the men began an attack on so-called "scabs," and much violence followed. Commandos of men, on horseback, bicycles or on foot armed with clubs, sticks to which were attached bicycle chains or razor blades, were organized and went about "pulling out" men. The police were much in

evidence, mounted and carrying rifles and bandileers of cartridges. Armored cars patrolled the streets, so that the town took on quite a military aspect. Finally the Communists got the upper hand of the plain men who meant no violence, and forced a general strike. The shops were closed and no one could buy or sell without their permission. Some missionary boxes having arrived at the station, from America, we went to take delivery of them but found that no one dared cart them without permission from the Strike Committee. They had, perforce, to remain at the station and a few days later when the Revolt occurred, the station and stores were looted.

Civil War

On March 9th we were awakened by rifle shots and on rising found the strikers were besieging the police in the central part of the town. In response to their appeal for help military aeroplanes appeared. They used machine guns and dropped bombs, their principal target being the large labor hall which was occupied by armed strikers. On the first attack the planes swooped low and put a burst of machine gun fire into the windows of the second story. The men replied with rifles and observer Captain Carey Thomas was killed. We saw that the plane was in trouble. It returned to Pretoria. Many bombs were dropped, one striking the hall and bursting inside. One fell accidentally, the bearing device having been struck by chance by a sniper's bullet. The bomb thus released exploded killing an old lady who was standing

in her door. Another, a one hundred twenty pound bomb, did not explode and remained where it fell until taken away by the Defense Force some time later.

For three days the fight went on. Men with rifles crept stealthily about and sniped at will. The aeroplanes whirred overhead and the rat-a-tat-tat of their machine guns became a maddening thing. Red Cross vehicles and mortuary vans rushed about. A train of relieving troops stopped on the veld near Benoni but the Reds were intrenched and drove them back with heavy losses as soon as they detrained. Sunday the boom of field guns was heard and a fierce battle raged all day. Later an aeroplane dropped leaflets informing the beleagured citizens that General Van Deventer was approaching from the east with Government forces.

During Sunday night the opposition melted away and Monday morning 2,000 mounted brughers of the Defense Force marched in, encountering little opposition. They searched the houses and took prisoners 2,000 men. I escaped arrest, but went down to the military camp and with many others who were not associated with the strike was given a permit to travel about the district. Detectives sorted out those who were "wanted," and the others were allowed to go home with permits. All lights had to be extinguished at seven p. m. Military law was in force until May 16th.

From "Through the Red Revolt on the Rand" we take the following:

"It was on Wednesday, March 8, that prolonged industrial unrest on the Rand culminated in con-

flicts between strikers and natives. These were sought by the Reds, who, under the pretext of trying to save women and children from a native attack, were able to obtain arms and ammunition from citizens. By spreading the alarm, too, they discovered who had arms, and these they had no hesitation in confiscating later.

"On March 9 six units of the Active Citizen Force were called out to prevent further disorders. On Friday the Revolt began. Pitched battles occurred between the strikers and police at Benoni and Newlands. Aeroplanes bombed the Workers' Hall, Benoni; Colonel Sir Pierce van Ryneveld's observer, Captain Carey Thomas, was shot through the heart. Martial law was proclaimed. Burgher Commandoes were called out.

"On Saturday, March 11, the Reds attacked at Ellis Park, Johannesburg, a small detachment of the Imperial Light Horse, who suffered heavy casualties. Citizens passing through Jeppe and Fordsburg were searched by the Reds. Others were sniped. Many members of the police force were sniped in the streets. General Smuts, Prime Minister, arrived on the Rand at midnight and took charge of the situation.

"On Sunday, March 12, an attack was delivered on the Reds on the Brixton Ridge, and 2,200 prisoners were taken. The burghers assisted the military forces.

"On Monday, March 13, General Van Deventer relieved the beleaguered police garrisons in Brakpan and Benoni.

"On Tuesday, March 14, the Trades Hall at Fords-

burg was bombarded with artillery, and in the afternoon it fell to the Government forces.

“From March 15 to 18 the Government troops were actively engaged in clearing certain infected areas of snipers and making house to house searches for Reds. Many arrests were made. The strike which began on the New Year was declared off as from midnight March 18.

“Johannesburg is only dimly beginning to know that it has escaped from the foul conspiracy which seized on the strike as a means to Bolshevism, which artfully misled some of the leaders who foolishly thought they were working for honest labor and not revolution.

“As an individual who has witnessed the growth of violence, who has seen the attitude of the Bolsheviks, who has seen the mob defiance of the police, who has witnessed the attacks on natives, who has interviewed their responsible leaders, * * * I say that there was a calculated design to repeat on the Rand the unnatural outbreak of crime in Russia that horrified the entire world.”

Much unemployment and distress followed the upheaval. Some of the mines were flooded and had to be pumped, machinery was damaged, bitter feelings had been engendered by attacks on mine officials wherein had occurred murders under revolting circumstances. Wages were greatly reduced until it seemed an unfair advantage was taken of the men. Many of the skilled miners from over-seas left the country.

The natives were baited in many ways by the

strikers to cause them to stampede. Numbers of them were wantonly killed. At Crown Mines 2,000 of them did break out of the compound to avenge the death of some of their friends, but the Compound Manager was able to pacify them and after hours of effort got them safely shut in again. Their conduct was so exemplary as to draw from the Prime Minister the thanks of the nation in the House of Assembly. In the punishments meted out through the courts, for the first time in the history of South Africa, a white man suffered capital punishment for taking the life of a black man.

CHAPTER XVI

METHODS OF WORK

Labor for the mines is largely recruited in Portuguese East Africa, 100,000 East Coast natives being employed in the Union of South Africa. They are housed in brick compounds with about sixty men in a room. A compound may contain from 3,000 to 6,000 men. This is our field of labor. Formerly we worked among different tribes but gradually the East Coast natives began to predominate with the result that other tribes withdrew to congregations of their own people. The work is now complementary to, and an extension of, our work at Inhambane.

The method of procedure is that when one of our Christian men from Inhambane comes to work on the mines, he reports to one of the evangelists the place of his employment. If we have no work in that compound he may desire to start a school in the room where he sleeps. After we are convinced that he is a suitable person to put in charge of Christian work, we apply to the Compound Manager for permission. This being granted we make a small table, two or three benches six feet long and a small blackboard for him. He buys a few primers in his own language which he sells to his pupils and the school begins.

He may have but five or six pupils, in which case he is allotted a certain corner in the open space sur-

rounded by bunks. Here, without privacy, he carries on school and prayers, while the other occupants of the room may drink beer, eat, or discuss their problems in "friendly yells" that render progress slow and difficult. As the school grows we secure one side of the room and later a room to ourselves.

The Ticket System

Each new pupil is a seeker who attends not only school but prayer meeting and Sunday services. He pays fifty cents a month school fees. In order to keep a proper record each is given a printed card bearing his name, relation (whether in full connection, on probation or a seeker), place of employment and date of arrival. On the reverse side his school fees and conference claims are recorded. The teacher receives his school fees and enters them on his ticket. Once a month a meeting of teachers is held at which these tickets and the money collected is presented to the missionary who makes a proper notation in his roll, sees that the money and records tally and returns to each teacher half of the fees he collects for his trouble and pains.

The weekly offerings for the Sunday-school and church are also paid to the missionary at this time. The conference claims are collected by the evangelists who are full time men paid from the funds of the native church.

When a man is leaving for his home the date of his departure is entered on his ticket and if all dues have been paid it is endorsed by the missionary as well as

by his teacher and evangelist and takes the place of a church letter.

Where we have only a few people they go to a neighboring compound on Sunday. Some rooms have two or even three churches carrying on their separate activities. In such cases they may take turns to hold the Sunday services or they may assemble at different times. Unless there is an equitable adjustment of the offerings union services do not last long, even in a compound.

A room to ourselves is a great advantage, but may be far from satisfactory. In one compound where I often worship the partition walls between the rooms do not go to the roof. The rooms on either side are full of heathen and it is necessary to shout to make oneself heard. The gas from the open coal fire, in winter, affects one's throat and under such circumstances one does not usually preach "too long nor too loud." When our service is over we may go into these heathen crowds and hold a meeting for them.

Quarterly Meetings

For general gatherings we must have a suitable place large enough to hold a group of these little congregations, so churches have been built in central places. These quarterly gatherings are very popular occasions. The full members gather Saturday afternoon for business and on Sunday great crowds come together, filling the church and crowding at the windows. The opening song breaks forth, a strange medley of male voices without too much attention to either

words, tune or meter. Their hearts are full of the love and praises of the Lord and bubble over as the testimony meeting advances. Two, three, five or six arise simultaneously and remain standing until their turn comes. We hear Xetswa, Gitonga, Chopi and Zulu, and when a missionary speaks through an interpreter we have five languages in one meeting. Tongues enough! you will say.

It is always difficult to stop this meeting, but there is not time for all, as some come long distances and must get back to their compounds in good time. So the offering is taken. What a burst of hilarity attends this usually prosaic service. The quarterly meeting, being a great occasion, a missionary who has long been associated with this work insists, or tries to insist, on the offering being in keeping. A half crown (sixty cents) is the acceptable coin for the occasion, but so many want to bring the black penny. The missionary revolts at the thought of a person who is spending much money on himself for luxuries consoling himself with the thought that he has made an offering unto the Lord, on so great an occasion, when he has only given a penny, and warns against the practise. The leaders set a good example and offer liberally, but the others have not all learned to do so yet. But, much or little, to the inspiring hymn, "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" the favorite one for the offering, they squeeze to the front and return to their seats with happy faces and full hearts. Then a list of promises are taken for the benefit of those who want to give but have no money. This list may contain most of the major and minor prophets as well

as Jam, Pencil, Glass and several other commodities. And so we get on to the preaching.

There are usually about twenty to be received into the church, a number of whom must be baptized. They are the fruit of the little schools, too often referred to as "little nothings." They are primary, very primary. There is no classification in American schools that would include them. The teacher, in many cases, has not passed Standard I, and his handwriting may defy decodification by any except one of the same school, but he knows God and leads his people to Him. But we look forward to our school at Inhamaxafo for a better lot of teachers from the rising generation.

Then follows the reception of probationers, men who have been learners or seekers for a protracted period and now enter "class" for at least six months. They are admonished as to their responsibilities, answer heartily to the vows, and retire with a new sense of obligation. There is never a quarterly meeting without these services and a very refreshing occasion it always is when we may thus gather together into the fold of the church those who have been rescued from sin.

Communion

But the great meeting is the communion service when we gather around the table of our Lord. Great care is exercised that unworthy ones do not intrude on this holy ground. An evangelist may touch one on the shoulder and request him to return to his seat.

There is some impediment. The others in simple faith "eat of this bread" and "drink of this cup" in great solemnity of soul as in the presence of Christ, and derive great comfort and consolation. This is preeminently the "great meeting." Dr. Donald Fraser of Nyassaland tells of a timid old lady who, although lame, swam a swollen and swiftly flowing river to attend this solemn service. After the meeting she was afraid to venture in to go home, and waited a number of days for the water to abate.

Separatist Movements

There are many schismatic organizations calling themselves churches but more nearly resembling political bodies, which thrive on the Rand. Concerts are held for raising money and these are conducted in a bold and demoralizing way. One may give a shilling to hear a certain man sing. He perhaps only knows a few hymns and may not have proceeded far until another gives a shilling to have him stop, and so it goes on in acts of daring and indecency. The number of these organizations is constantly increasing and constitutes such a problem that the General Missionary Conference of South Africa, which meets triennially, devoted one of its sittings to a discussion of the problem.

The regularly organized churches have little sympathy with the methods of some of these movements. The native leaders of a neighboring society approached their missionary to know what was to be done with members who attended concerts. The mis-

sionary replied that it depended on the nature of the concert; that there were sacred concerts and immoral ones. They warmed up to their subject quickly and said, "It is just like this. We are trying to carry on the work of the Lord in this place. If we allow our members to go to concerts, soon all will want to go to concerts and the work of the Lord will come to an end. Their place is here in the work of the Lord. If they want to go to concerts they will have to leave," and there the matter ended. They carried on school every night and required their people to attend.

A plan for the entire district is prepared quarterly. The names of the mines where we have work, and the names of the missionaries, evangelists and preachers are listed. Each preacher is given a number, and the number set opposite a certain mine on a given Sunday indicates the person who will preach there. There being three circuits, three quarterly meetings are held, and the dates of these are indicated on the plan so that all have ample time to prepare for them.

These plans and other small work are printed on a small hand-lever press brought to Inhambane and later to Germiston by Mr. Agnew. Before he fled as a refugee, on the outbreak of the Boer War, he put it in a box and buried it. It was not discovered and he dug it up on his return two years afterward.

Self-support has been a prominent feature of this work for years. The moneys raised come through the native official members to the missionary and are administered by him. This pays the evangelists and provides them with bicycles, buys tables, benches and blackboards for the schools, and pays the traveling

expenses of the missionary. Special levies are made for church buildings. The home church at Inham-bane, having asked for assistance from their men at the mines, after careful consideration they voted to double the amount of the conference claims and send half of it home. This is now being cheerfully done.

The mission issues a little paper in Xetswa, "Tim-haka ta ku Hanyisa" (Words of Life), in which a review of the Sunday-school lessons is given and simple questions asked. These make Sunday-schools possible and they are held at all our points early Sunday morning. Coming unexpectedly into one of these Sunday-schools, I found them wrestling over the question of being "born again." The pupils had asked their teachers if they were born again, and the term puzzled them. On explaining that all who were saved were born again the difficulty vanished.

CHAPTER XVII

COMPOUNDS

The assembling of five or six thousand people in the narrow confines of a compound calls for closely supervised sanitation lest there be an epidemic of disease that knows no "color bar." The Government looks after this and every other health condition from ventilation to the kinds and quantity of food supplied. Free medical treatment and hospitals are provided; I might say enforced, for these men have a great fear of a hospital. We hear them in testimony saying they were in great danger of being sent to the hospital but the Lord delivered them. Presumably it is because so many die there; a sort of Mark Twain argument, that a bed was the most dangerous place one could go to because more people died in bed than anywhere else.

Sentries sit in the gates of the compounds at all times. As the men come in from work their feet and ankles are watched for abrasions or cuts from rocks. If present they must go into a room where a native administers first aid. Strange to say they often try to hide such wounds.

The kitchens are equipped with long rows of great kettles where the food is cooked by steam. Vegetables, bread and meat are provided, the latter both cooked and raw for they like to grill it on the coals.

When the gong sounds they rush, with large basins in hand, to the kitchen and file past a window through which the dishes are handed in and filled, a cup of gravy poured over the porridge, beans, or whatever the chef may have provided, and the bearer returns to his room where a group of men sit around a dish and eat with their hands unless they provide themselves with spoons. The food is mostly in a firm form to facilitate eating with the hands, each dipping his morsel in the relish.

“*Amahu*” is in great demand as they return from work. This is provided in great quantities and is on draught at a two-inch spout under the vats but outside the building. It is carried to the rooms in tin pails holding about a gallon each. A man may drink all this and even go back for more.

“*Amahu*” is made from the left-over maize porridge ground up and mixed with large quantities of water to which is added a little flour. It is made in specially constructed wooden vats of which there are two sets. As each set is emptied it is washed out with a hose and remains empty to sweeten. It stands in the vat six hours and is then ready to be used. The process may vary slightly. This refers to one of the largest mines on the East Rand.

The drink is highly nutritious, being of considerable consistency, but is soured or slightly fermented. It is one of those insidious evils that appeal to the natural desire and may create an appetite for stronger beverages. By allowing it to stand in the warm rooms it gains a little more alcoholic strength by fermentation, but containing no malt it goes bad

without becoming highly intoxicating. Perhaps this is its chief strength as a demoralizing agent that it appears so innocent and yet may lead to stronger drinks. It is from this angle that we assail it in preaching and teach our people to abstain from its use.

A stronger drink, really intoxicating, is supplied on Sundays, and this, the Christians steadfastly refuse. It is made of different ingredients and contains sprouted grain, ground. In the kraals this sprouted grain is often added to the "amaheu" thereby making it a very strong drink but I refer to that made in the compound under European supervision, and even then there may be some divergency between compounds.

Compound Life

The compound itself is built of bricks, with an iron roof, in the form of a large rectangle, enclosing, in some cases, an open space of five or six acres of land. The rooms provide for about sixty men. The bunks are made of a composition like cement but without its coldness. Periodically everything is carried out and the room washed down and whitewashed. Electric lights are provided. A large pipe with an inverted funnel at the lower end comes down from the roof. Coal is provided and fires are built in ten-gallon drums from which the contents have been removed for various processes. These drums are pierced full of holes. The fires are kindled in the open court of the compound and when the smoke has passed off

they are carried into the rooms by means of an iron bar passed through the holes, and placed under the pipe. The African loves an open fire.

Only so-called necessary work is done on Sundays, so most of the men have a day of leisure. This is the opportunity for aggressive spiritual work. Sunday-schools are held in the rooms, beginning shortly after six a. m. Later meetings are held in the open air wherever an attentive group may be found. Usually they are gathered around one of their number who may be doing a thriving business mending the heavy mining boots, rolling out brass wire bangles, pounding out spear heads or long knives from soft iron. They listen in a stolid kind of way while great, gaunt hounds thread their way about or lie in the sun. A shiny cat or two may sit about, for there is plenty of food here. They help to keep down the rats, a necessary precaution, for a large portion of the province was infected with plague last year.

But religion does not have a monopoly on Sunday activity. Heathen dances are organized by the compound managers to entertain their "boys" and to keep them from fighting. Prizes are given for the best "turnout" and so they travel in regiments from compound to compound on certain Sundays. If the distance is short they march in a great decorated "impi" with banners flying, but if it is too far they travel by train. The Shangaan and Chopi tribes are the great dancers. They decorate themselves with paint, skins and gaudy head-dress. They carry whistles and trumpets and chant in a deep guttural bass as they prance along. These matched dances may at-

tract hundreds of Europeans. On leaving the City and Suburban Gold Mine after our meeting one Sunday, just as a matched dance was about to begin, the road was crowded with motor cars and busses. On they came, a perfect stream in the dust; magnificent cars with gaily dressed ladies and men all coming to the compound. The buss driver could hardly wait for his overcrowded vehicle to discharge its passengers till he was off, myself the only passenger, for another load. He rushed over the inequalities of the road, past motor cars, now barely missing other cars in his mad haste with his lumbering bus. On arriving, a crowd was waiting and off he went again. Such a dance presents an awesome spectacle. The men creep forward in long, stealthy strides, their backs bent and their heads hidden behind black and white shields, above which show a forest of sticks and an occasional spear. A medley of plumes, monkey skin loin dresses, copper armlets and leg ornaments of flying goat skins meet the eye. They move in close, concentrated formation as taught them by Chaka in shock tactics. Singing a war chant, they stamp the ground in unison with their naked feet. It is like the tread of an army of elephants. The ground trembles and shakes.

The chiefs lead, their brown bodies steaming with sweat in the sunshine. Then with one yell they let themselves loose at an imaginary foe. Now the chiefs fling themselves among them, beating back their excited followers with the flat of their spears. At last, in a cloud of dust, with steaming bodies, they rush off in the distance and the excitement is over.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Great changes have come over the country in the last twenty years, not the least of which is the change in the African peoples themselves. What the chiefs could never do, because of tribal jealousies, the educated leaders have done—produced a race consciousness. This is a new element that must be considered in any plans, political, social or religious, for the Bantu peoples. A new era is dawning. They are claiming “a place in the sun.” The Government recognizes this and is giving them an elaborate system of councils that look forward to a Bantu Parliament, providing credit for agricultural development and increasing the areas of land available for purchase by natives.

In church circles there is the experiment of the Bantu Presbyterian Church with 20,000 members which has been given a constitution entirely separate from the mother church. Missionaries everywhere are sympathetically watching its progress and trust that complete success may attend the movement. It began its separate career in 1922. Among the older mission churches of the Cape this movement for self-expression is constantly gaining ground, and is voiced at all the great conferences held to discuss the native problem. It is only a question of time till there will be

other Bantu churches entirely self-supporting, self-propagating and self-governing. It is not that they do not want the white missionary. They do want his counsel, his love and sympathy, but they want an opportunity for self-expression. There are scores of schismatic organizations operating independently of Europeans, some of them decidedly political, but we refer to the churches raised up through the efforts of missionaries.

Joint councils of Europeans and natives and native welfare societies, as well as the churches and Government are everywhere studying the native problem and the ideal aimed at seems to be "equal opportunity for both whites and blacks to develop their own highest and best life independently, while they remain socially apart."

The training of native helpers always becomes one of the first duties of missions, and these become leaders of their people. As the years pass and they gain experience they gradually take a more and more prominent place in the affairs of the church. They must increase but we must decrease.

While one church has attained complete autonomy with the consent and best wishes of the parent church it must not be inferred that younger organizations are prepared to take the same position. This must come slowly, and not until there are steady hands and heads to guide, but it is nevertheless true that as the years pass, the native church must assume increasing responsibilities, financial, pastoral and administrative, in order that the forward march of the home church may not be impeded.

A sense of trusteeship, rather than merely markets and exploitation, seems to be recognized by the responsible white races as is seen in the Covenant of the League of Nations, and a pronouncement of the British Cabinet. If such excellent principles can be translated into actual relations between the races a new day will dawn for the Africans.

The Covenant of the League of Nations contains the following declaration:

“To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization and that security for the performance of this trust should be embodied in the covenant. The best way of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the League.”

The following paper is on Kenya, issued in July, 1923, under the authority of the British Cabinet:

“The situation in Kenya is one of exceptional difficulty, since in addition to the native inhabitants there is a vigorous and enterprising European com-

munity settled in the colony and also immigrant Indian and Arab communities.

“Primarily, Kenya is an African territory, and His Majesty’s Government think it necessary to definitely record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be paramount, and that if, and when, these interests and the interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former should prevail. * * * In the administration of Kenya, His Majesty’s Government regard themselves as exercising a trust on behalf of the African population, and they are unable to delegate or share this trust, the object of which may be defined as the protection and advancement of the native races. There can be no doubt that it is the mission of Great Britain to work continuously for the training and education of the Africans toward a higher intellectual, moral and economic level than that which they had reached when the Crown assumed the responsibility for the administration of the territory. * * *

“As in the Uganda Protectorate, so in the Kenya Colony, the principal of trusteeship for the natives, no less than in the mandated territory of Tanganyika, is unassailable.”

The Government Commission to inquire into the cause and nature of separatist church movements, in their report recently issued, have given some valuable information. They do not find these movements anti-European in their origin, but point out that they may become so as persons dissatisfied with European rule would naturally join them.

The Commission believes the growth of sects is in-

evitable, and that in some cases they are not wholly undesirable. They refer to the good work accomplished by purely negro churches in America and point to the African Methodist Episcopal, the Bantu Presbyterian, the African Presbyterian and other purely native churches as being numerically strong and declare that it would be absurd to contend that these churches are hurtful to the native people and that it would be futile to deny them recognition.

The report traces several of the principal sects to their origin and states that in many cases the unsympathetic attitude of the white missionary is responsible for the breaking away of the native minister and his adherents. They consider that "if the white controllers of native churches had been more brotherly and patient and had displayed a greater anxiety to guide than to rule, the religious life of the natives would have been less troublous and unrest less universal."

Missionaries are apt to look askance at governments and government commissions, but this one seems to have been composed of men of long experience whose sympathies are on the side of missions.

Part III
NATAL AND PONDOLAND

“Thou from on high perceivest it were better
All men and women should on earth be free;
Laws that blaspheme and tyrannies that fetter
Snap and vanish at the touch of Thee.

“Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, tho’ thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.”

CHAPTER XIX

WAR AND PEACE

The Bambata Rebellion

The native mind, unsophisticated and untaught, is always a fruitful field for agitators. The witch doctors are wily and possessed with much native cunning. Having unlimited influence over the people they lead them into strange ways. Years ago a tribe was induced to kill all their cattle, it being confidently stated that should they do so, at a certain time, the blood thus shed would reappear in the form of cattle in greatly increased numbers. They killed them joyfully and waited the appointed time in confidence, but found themselves ruined, there being no oxen to plough the ground.

In 1906 an anxious time came to the Europeans in Natal. The Government imposed a Poll Tax on the natives which they resented indignantly. They said, "We have to pay for our huts and our dogs. Will we now have to pay for our heads?" They killed off their white pigs and white fowls. Local natives admitted that they had been directed to do so by the chiefs, and their attitude became one of slightly veiled contempt, in some cases, threatening. The killing of the white animals was very suggestive and needed no explanation. A chief was within his right in passing on such an order and it was perfectly

understood as preliminary orders to hold themselves in readiness.

Finally, a chief in Zululand, Bambata, took the field. The Government, ever on the alert, called out the Defense Force. Not knowing whether or not British missionaries were included in this force, three of us rode to Umzumbi Station and bought tickets to the camp, in the meantime telegraphing to the Magistrate for information. Just before the train arrived we received his reply saying we were exempted, and thus we escaped the very unpleasant experience of taking up arms against the native people. There was much excitement among the isolated European farmers and traders and at one time plans were made to call them all in to laager at the nearest Magistracy, lest a murderous night raid should be made on them. On the night in which this raid was to have been delivered the missionaries at Fair View took counsel together, had special prayer in one of the houses, and having thus committed themselves to God, retired at a late hour. There was no rude alarm of any kind and later it was learned that the Government, having been forewarned, had taken steps to prevent trouble.

Bambata was finally surrounded in a valley, and after a sharp engagement, wherein his men had no chance of success with their assegais against machine guns, he was killed with many of his followers and the remainder surrendered.

Such troubles have been all too frequent in South Africa. The armies, being doctored, think the bullets will flatten on striking them and rush forward in a frenzy of valor to certain death. It is a bankrupt

form of statesmanship that must resort to the rifle on all occasions and were Christian principles more liberally applied there would be better relations between white and black.

During this time the Fynn tribe, to which the Fair View people belong, in a company 1,000 strong, defied the Government. They had been called by the Magistrate to have the provisions of the Poll Tax explained to them. They came armed, danced a war dance and acted in a threatening manner. Our people were not present and had no part in it, but under tribal rule the whole tribe is responsible for the actions of its members.

The Government fined the tribe 1,500 head of cattle and sent 1,200 troops into the district to enforce the fine. A time limit was given in which to produce the cattle, and the officer in command sat down to wait. Natives hid their cattle in the bush or drove them away, only taking a portion to their chief, so that when the time expired there lacked several hundred head of cattle. The missionary in charge called the local head-man and his people to a meeting and urged them to bring all their cattle, making the Mission Station the rendezvous from which they would be driven to the military camp. This missionary exchanged some of the mission oxen, with the natives, for other beasts. This caused a great deal of trouble and a case at law, but in the end nothing was proven against him. Sixty head of cattle and fifty-four goats were sent forward Monday, March 26, 1906. On the 20th troops had visited the Mission Station and it had been given out that those who produced no cattle

would have their huts burned. The people were deeply agitated and women were seen carrying boxes on their heads to places of safety.

On the 29th we woke to find an early morning raid had been made on the Mission Station. Rain was falling and mounted men with rifles were everywhere, driving before them the native men and their cattle, while here and there a house was in flames. Women were running about shouting and crying. Officers came to our house and inquired to whom the cattle in the kraal belonged. One, the property of a native, was taken out. They drove the herd a mile away, shot one and breakfasted. After driving the cattle to the military camp the native men were allowed to return home.

Edwaleni and Greenville

After the death of Mr. Agnew his wife and family sailed for America and Mr. Smith took charge at Germiston. I then left for Inhambane via Natal, the missionaries at Fair View having very kindly invited me to visit them on the way. While here Mrs. Brodhead met with the severe and distressing accident which almost terminated her earthly career, by being thrown from a cart. The staff at Fair View had been reduced by the departure of three missionaries and it was thought best that I should remain and assist, especially in building the new schoolhouse for which the bricks were to be burned. The next year, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Backenstoe and Mr. Skorpen, who was to assist in building, I returned to Inham-

bane, the field having been without a missionary over a year.

In 1905 I returned to Natal and was married in March. Bishop and Mrs. Sellew being expected to arrive in South Africa in May, we supplied the Edwaleni station for a few months, when we were relieved by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Miller, missionaries of another society, and crossed over to Greenville, Pondoland.

Their coming and our departure was marked by a three days' blizzard during which time rain fell incessantly. The corrugated house was not built for such a strain and leaked badly. Water came down the chimney, filling the fireplace so that we had to rise several times in the night and bale it out to prevent it overflowing on the floor. Water was dripping in all the rooms and the kitchen was flooded until boards put down to stand on were floating about the room. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Miller and their two small children. They had suffered terribly in their covered cart and one ox had perished through the violence of the storm.

Breasting the Flood

Some of our goods had already been sent to Greenville by native carriers so when the rain ceased we were all so utterly miserable that we decided to move on although the river was in flood. Mounting our horses we set out for the "drift," where a detachment of Cape Mounted Police were camped. There was no boat and no bridge. (A fine steel structure spans it

now.) We hesitated to venture in fearing we should be swept away. Then an officer mounted his charger and crossed over to us. He put my wife on his horse, tucked her feet up on the saddle, mounted her pony, and so at her side while I brought up the rear, we passed over safely, although the water was half way up the sides of the horses and my pony had to swim. There remained about twenty miles of the circuitous route to be negotiated. (It is only four or five miles from Edwaleni to Greenville as the crow flies.) My wife's foresight in going to an empty house in the wilderness was responsible for a baking of bread tied to the saddle, but we needed something to go with it and surface water is dangerous.

Coming to a kraal at milking time we asked for "amasi" (curdled milk). They had already poured the new milk into the gourd containing curds and whey, the usual practise. It should sit some time before it is ready for use, but being weary and parched we drank it. How we regretted it! The process interrupted in the gourd began anew in our stomachs and my wife got off her horse and rolled on the grass in agony. Resuming our journey we got lost among the hills and on inquiring our way a kindly heathen man, with his innate courtesy, led us the remainder of the way. We arrived after dark, took possession of the little stone house, which was to be the evangelist's when the missionary's house should be built, thankful to be at the journey's end.

This little three-roomed house, with grass roof and mud floors, brings back vivid memories. We had to have a stove so a pane of glass was removed and the

pipe put through the window. The bed-room floor had to be carpeted, so grass was laid on the mud floor and the carpet fastened with three-inch nails driven into the ground. This same carpet has an experience of its own to tell, being associated with a snake story—perhaps saved the snake's life.

It was on this wise. The little swinging sashes that served for windows opened on a veranda. Here the native women brought mealies to sell and lingered to look at everything about the place. The wind was blowing in the window and my wife took the lamp to go in and shut it. But the wind extinguished the lamp, and setting it down she went in the dark to shut the window. It would not close, and supposing the natives had laid something down in the way she felt with her hand and felt something cold and slippery. She slammed the window and something fell at her feet. Lighting the lamp she returned and found a snake coiled about the head of the bed.

We had had a very interesting time at prayers with the workmen in their quarters that evening and coming home I found my wife standing outside the door watching the crack to see that the snake did not come out. The evangelist, being near was called, and we found the snake on the carpet under the bed. We disabled him and the evangelist carried him out. I expected he would have finished the job with a stone, but on looking for it in the morning it could not be found.

The floor of the living room was treated with tar and sand. On rainy days, not being able to work out of doors, we turned to our letters and accounts. But

the windows being small and the sky overcast we had to light a lamp and as the roof was defective the lamp and papers had to be protected by an umbrella. But we entertained Bishop and Mrs. Sellew and two other missionaries at the same time in this little place and saw some of our happiest days there.

Greenville Mission Station was to have been the "Greenville" of our South African mission and an embryo Theological School was opened and taught during our stay. Later it was carried on by Mr. Smith until difficulty of access on account of passes, etc., made it expedient to move it to Edwaleni where Mr. Ghormley and his associates labored so indefatigably and on a bare rock erected a modern institution, in which for some years the original conception of a Bible School disappeared owing to lack of students and the school followed the approved lines of Government institutions.

The station at Greenville developed along evangelistic lines with a prosperous day school under the direction of Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Anderson.



GREENVILLE MISSION DAY SCHOOL

CHAPTER XX

THE DAILY TASK

While at Greenville we put the roof on the church, the stone walls of which had already been built by some Scandinavian brethren. I also laid the foundation and part of the walls of the mission house. Our Bible students and native driver, Solomon, helped in all these operations. The latter was a small, wrinkled, somewhat stooped old man with straggling dark and gray whiskers supplemented by grass which he wove, twisted or braided into several rolls the size of a pencil and four or five inches long. The irrepressible good nature of the African struggled with a wry face to produce a smile and his quick, witty responses made one feel that here was a true gentleman and friend.

But Solomon had his besetting sin. His patience, worn beyond endurance, would give way. One of his oxen presumed to be monitor of his own activities, and when he thought he had completed a day's work would lie down, and nothing could persuade him to rise. Solomon's soul was vexed from day to day with the vagaries of this ox, and when all other efforts to move him failed he would seize the ox's tail, thrust it into his mouth and bite it. This had a most extraordinary effect on the beast, but Solomon, driven to desperation one day, bit too hard, with the result that

after some time the tail came off, the brushless stump remaining as a constant reproof to the wrath of the driver.

Solomon loved the young "Nkosikazi" in the mission house and there were times when after a short absence from the house she returned to find the dishes nicely washed and dried, or surreptitiously they would be borne to the veranda and there Solomon would rejoice in his self-appointed task. A smile from the young matron and a few bits of food sent Solomon off to his quarters, overjoyed in spirit.

But it was after the heat and cares of the day when we gathered around the Bible in question and answer, thanksgiving and prayer that the fervent spirit of the old man came into perfect fellowship with his God. His heart poured out his great love for his Savior, his own shortcomings, grievous and many, his fervent desire that these same should not discourage the heart of his young missionary, and then the final benediction. Should the missionary be so unseemly as to close his prayer with a simple "Amen," Solomon kindly took up the matter then and there, for prayer at least, must be offered decently and in order, and at once proceeded to invoke the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God who delivered Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego from the fiery furnace and Daniel from the lions' den, Job and Lot, of David and the apostles and sometimes of Ananias and Sapphira, and the name of Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior, Amen.

A young lad of perhaps twelve years was employed to lead the oxen and do odd jobs about the house. He

was a raw heathen, and while he understood oxen very well he was woefully ignorant about his new duties. Sent to make a fire, he examined the stove critically, then gathered his kindling and made the fire in the oven. My wife thought he ought to have a plain suit for wearing about the house, so with much satisfaction made a shirt and pair of trousers for him. On trying them on he immediately wanted to take them off but she struggled to hold them on. He would not have them and she was most indignant as she had set her heart on having him properly dressed when I returned home. On inquiring into his conduct we learned that he thought that wearing clothes would make him a Christian. Most native men wear a shirt so he did not object to that. It was the nether garments where he drew the line. Similarly one of our most devoted men, now deceased, testified that one of his greatest conflicts when deciding for Christ was that if he became a Christian he would have to wear a pair of trousers all the days of his life.

Bishop MacGeary

The General Conference held in 1911 elected Rev. J. S. MacGeary as Bishop to Africa and India and he sailed from New York for India via London November 11. He remained in India three months and then sailed for South Africa, arriving in Durban, April 16, 1912. He visited all the stations in both countries several times; assisted the mission staffs in the formulation of policies and the solution of difficult problems and presided at the annual conferences. In 1914

he returned to India and the following year sailed for America to attend the General Conference, at which time he was elected Missionary Secretary. Mrs. MacGeary accompanied her husband in all these journeys and labors, and together they made an impression on the minds and hearts of the people that time will not efface.

Church and School for Whites

During the time Bishop and Mrs. MacGeary resided in Africa we were on furlough, but returned in 1917 under his direction and were appointed to Fair View Mission Station, of which we had served as pastor for a short time in 1905-06. During this former pastorate our friend and neighbor, Mr. Cruickshank, very kindly donated a cement floor for the church and brought his native men and put it in. We now renewed our friendship and once a month his family and other residents of the district, Dutch and English, came to our house for a service. These were pleasant occasions and were greatly appreciated, for the Europeans were more neglected in a spiritual way than the natives, for whom there was some kind of a meeting house every few miles.

The education of our children and those of the neighborhood was a problem for those who were not able to pay the high charges in boarding schools and who did not like to send small children away from home. I took the matter up with the Superintendent of Education and the Administrator and grants were made for a local school. This was conducted for a



FAIR VIEW DAY SCHOOL
(The author standing in the center)

time in Fair View chapel, until a suitable building could be erected. The neighbors rallied to the project, Mr. Cruickshank serving as Chairman of the School Committee and assisting generously financially. Donkeys were purchased and loaned to pupils living more than three miles from the school and the master knavishly remarked that altogether the attendance was twenty. This same master was addicted to the drug habit and was most eccentric. During the war he had drifted in from America and England being on the last end of a world tour to New Zealand, his home, and was sent to us by the Education Department, being the only available teacher. When he had earned enough money for a third-class passage he sailed for New Zealand.

We sent our children to Durban after this. The little school carried on for some years with varying success and later gave place to an academy for boys with a boarding department, near the Umzumbi beach of the Indian Ocean.

Fair View Schools

The day school at Fair View has always been a first-class institution. It is built of bricks that were made and burned by the natives under missionary supervision. It is thatched with grass that has to be renewed after about fifteen years. Three rooms and several adjacent trees provide the class rooms and the enrolment is always 120 and the average attendance usually over 115. Any vacancies are quickly filled by pupils from long distances away for the fame of the

school has gone abroad. In addition to the usual subjects, the Bible is taught and the Government requires that an examination be passed on it the same as any other subject. Government grants cover the salaries of the three native teachers who conduct the school.

Five hours weekly are devoted to industrial work, principally gardening and two first prizes have been won by the school in competition with the other schools in the district. The children were so interested that they planted gardens at home, following the methods taught at school.

Fair Girl's Home is also located here. This was originally founded by Miss F. Grace Allen as a home for run-away girls who wanted to learn to be Christians. This phase of the institution has long since disappeared as the people realize the benefit of their girls learning to read and write and schools have been multiplied in recent years. It has been a great blessing to many.

It is now conducted as a government aided boarding school and in addition to the usual academic branches has an industrial department. Miss Nellie Reed served here as principal in the absence of Miss Allen for a number of terms before she went to Inhambane, and Miss Alice Evans also served as principal for a time.



FAIR VIEW GIRLS' SCHOOL

CHAPTER XXI

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM

To understand the Bantu people we must study their religion and customs. Their whole life is dominated by their religion, nothing of importance being begun, continued or ended without religious rites. God, the Creator, is usually regarded as an absentee deity. He is feared and thought to be responsible for much of the evil that afflicts them. A woman explains a great sore on a child's leg by saying, "Fire came down out of heaven and burned him; it is the work of God." Children born cripples or malformed were supposed to be the work of God and were destroyed.

But the spirits who were present always, and who had to be consulted were the spirits of their own dead. Usually it is the late head of the kraal who must be invoked although his predecessors to the dim past are also to be propitiated on occasion. The nation through a living chief may invoke a dead chief but this is not done by individuals. The kraal head is the daysman between the living and the dead. The departed headmen, while living, had great power over their people and were their natural protectors. They had to be respected and obeyed while living. Will they be less powerful now they have joined the spirits, and would not their malevolence be more calamitous? So they must be constantly consulted,

and if there are indications of their being displeased the cause must be ascertained and their spirits propitiated. When they are in a benevolent mood all will go well with their people.

It follows, then, that their religion dominates their lives. If a house is to be built the ancestral spirit must choose the site, and certain rites must be performed to cleanse it. The doctor, having received their communications and cleansed ritually the spot, cuts the first stick and thrusts it into the ground. The men of the kraal, having been ritually cleansed, may now cut trees and build. The same is true of the cattle kraal.

There are three distinct types of hut, the conical, bee-hive and rectangular, each used over large areas of the continent. Christians everywhere are adopting the latter type as it lends itself readily to partitions and privacy. The old one-room hut where all the family slept was a marvel of adaptation to circumstances in many ways, but it did not tend to better morals. The grass roof in the conical type allowed of ventilation without draughts. The smoke readily escaped through it. The mud walls were warm in winter and cool in summer. The ground floor was specially prepared, with great labor, by the women. Ant heap softened with water and pounded with stones, was the favorite material. Drying, it cracked badly. Again they wetted it and with stones ground the surface smooth. Then a weekly smear of cow manure mixed with water kept down the boring insects and maintained a hard polished appearance. Where no cattle were possessed the floor was treated,

occasionally, with a fresh coat of sand and water, ground into the surface to keep it hard and sanitary. Many times on going to a kraal for the night we have found this freshly done, the last touch in making everything "spick and span" for the occasion, but we had a damp room for the night.

The structure of the house was the work of the men. In the conical type the roof is formed separately. A small circle of about six inches in diameter was made of small sticks and bark. Into this the long withes for the roof were inserted and allowed to fall over in every direction as the spokes from the hub of a wheel, the center being kept raised. Circular bands of small sticks were now laid on and bound securely with bark. Other bands followed at six inches or a foot until the eaves were reached. A circle is described by driving a peg and using bark attached to a stick for a radius. Posts are set in the ground and then cut off the proper height, about five feet. Then the men assemble and with much shouting lift the roof and place it on the supporting posts. Grass is woven in long strips and beginning at the bottom these are wound round and round gradually going up till the top is reached. Here an inverted clay water-pot crowns all. A reed mat, reaching from the ground to the eaves, is drawn around the supporting posts leaving an opening for the door. The women now mud the walls on the inside. Additional coats are applied from time to time until they are about six inches thick. The floor is made up. The men make a door of planks hewn from trees, or with woven sticks and the house is ready for occupation. Some of the doors have a

cleverly contrived wooden lock, the key of which they remove. However, the house is quite safe if the door is closed and tied, for it would be a very great offense to enter it in the absence of the owner. In late years hasps and cheap locks of European manufacture are common. Doors vary in height, from about three feet in the bee-hive type to five feet in the conical or rectangular. After five or six years the structure may become so infested with cockroaches, ticks and other vermin, and the immediate neighborhood so polluted that life is unbearable so a new site is chosen and a new village built. During the influenza epidemic huts fumigated revealed a coating six inches deep of cockroaches and other vermin on the floor and tables of some old huts. Clearly it was time to set them alight.

Huts are grouped in kraals in varying ways. Where there is a cattle kraal it is in the center and forms the meeting place of the men. It is formed by digging a trench in a large circle. Trees are cut and stood up-right close together in the trench. The earth is then packed firmly in. An opening is left for a door and this is closed with bars at night.

In the economic life of the Bantu the household or kraal is the unit. This consists of the headman and his wife or wives, perhaps one or two married sons, a younger brother, also married and perhaps a stranger who has asked to be taken into the group. The headman is the responsible head of the group which is separated in some way from similar groups. But if we look a little closer we will see that every able-bodied married woman is a very real unit. The land belongs to the people as a whole, but is controlled by the chief

and headman. These let it out in large areas to other headmen who in turn parcel it out to the people. The open lands are usually used for pasturage and the bush lands for gardens.

Once a family head has had his lands allocated to him he is secure in his tenure as long as he and his heirs live there and cultivate it. It is hereditary and he may divide it up as he likes. Each wife has her gardens and they belong to her and her descendants as long as they like to use them. They cannot be taken away from her nor used without her permission. She also has her own granaries from which she takes food for her household. She sends a little of her prepared food to each other wife in the group and receives a dish from each. Thus the whole community recognizing a common family head share the produce of the settlement.

Among pastoral people we find similar conditions only the cattle are usually in the hands of the men. The cattle kraal is the center around which are grouped the huts of the headman and his people. But these cattle do not belong to the group as a whole. They are allocated to certain huts. When a man marries a wife he allocates certain cattle to her use and henceforth they and their increase belong to that hut.

If he takes another wife he must not use these cattle for lobola but if he has not enough in the common herd he may ask and be given a number, in which case the new hut, that is the new wife and her children, will be subsidiary to the hut that gave the cattle. Similarly all the cattle obtained by lobola for daughters of any hut go to that hut and not to any other or to

the common herd. The milk belongs to this hut and any lobola for a son of that hut will be taken from these cattle.

At the death of the householder the cattle attached to each hut will be inherited by the eldest son of that hut and he will then become responsible for all the juniors under him. The general herd which has never been distributed goes to the chief heir of the great house.

That the household is the unit and each wife a smaller unit is also evidenced by the death customs. At the death of the chief householder all the food in the kraal becomes taboo and cannot be eaten by any of his dependents. It must be exchanged for other food or purified. The same applies to the death of the great wife. The kraal can no longer stand. It must be moved and everything in it cleansed. This is not the case when one of the dependents dies. Only one hut becomes defiled and only those living in it must seek undefiled food.

In some tribes the man seems to have absolute control of the family possessions while in others it is vested jointly in the man and wife so that in case of divorce the possessions are divided. In tribes that held slaves they seemed to be allocated to the different huts just like any other property.

CHAPTER XXII

BANTU RELIGION

Like all primitive people the Bantu believe in spiritual influences. The departed members of the family are all living in close relation with their family and tribe, and exert a powerful influence over them. It is therefore one's own ancestors that are a source of spiritual power and they alone can help or hinder one. With the chief it is different. Just as he stands for the whole tribe so his ancestors represent the tribe but can only be approached through his own family.

When a man dies among the Bantu, a long ritual, covering many months, must be performed before he is "brought back home" by the first sacrifice to him as an ancestral spirit. Previous to this he is supposed to show himself in a dream, in the form of a snake or lizard, at the grave, in the cattle kraal or about the huts. A shout of joy goes up on observing these creatures and it is announced with hand-clapping that so-and-so has come back. Different reptiles are supposed to represent different persons. A spotted green snake represents the late kraal head and a rough-backed lizard the oldest woman who has died. If none of these representatives appear foul play is suspected and a diviner is sent for to call him home.

The person who is supposed to be the most competent to call upon the ancestral spirit is the direct heir,

the eldest brother in a family. The animal is slaughtered with a special spear kept for that purpose. Among some tribes it is considered a good omen if the animal takes a long time to die and in others it is desirous that the animal should cry out. Others fill its mouth with grass and mud in order that no sound **may be made** as the sacrifice would thereby be rendered inefficacious. The head of the kraal acts as the priest to prepare the victim and call upon the dead by name, to come and feast and do good to his people.

The part set aside for the ancestor varies from tribe to tribe. It may be the blood and fat around the intestines that are burned secretly with incense to make a sweet savour. The meat is eaten by the people assembled. Some tribes leave the carcass overnight in order that the dead may extract the spiritual power in it from the victim, saying it would make them sick were they to eat it at once. Some put a portion in a sacred wild fig tree to be eaten by wild animals. Again the children of the deceased's sister may eat the part intended for the spirits, the argument being that as these are on very intimate relations with their uncle (maternal father) while living, it will be pleasing to him to be represented in this way.

But in cases where beer is put on the grave, or in the vacated house of the deceased, it is sufficient if the cockroaches or field mice eat of what runs over. Great joy is manifested as it is said the spirit has partaken of the offering and consequently will be benevolent.

Among other tribes a small shrine hut is built for the altar and the offerings are made near it. They

may place there a loin cloth and sheep-skin for clothing, a hoe, bow and arrows, cooking pots and drinking bowl, in fact all the equipment he was accustomed to use while living. Again the altar may be only a little potsherd, a few stones or a crotched stick.

Day by day the ancestral spirits are with their people and are constantly remembered. No beer drink or feast is held without their portion being poured out on the ground.

Besides the blood, the contents of the stomach of the ox sacrificed are believed to have special power to cleanse so that the full benefit of the sacrifice may enter into the person using it. The priest takes a handful and going to each hut throws a portion up into the dome in such a manner that it falls at the back part. The skin may be cut up in narrow strips and worn as an amulet around the wrists of all taking part in the ceremony.

Not all people are equal in the next life. Great people are liable to remain great and insignificant people insignificant. The spirits of some people, such as wizards and witches, are stamped out entirely so that they cease to exist. Their bodies are burned and their ashes scattered to the winds in order that they may be entirely destroyed. The body of a person long dead may be dug up and burned in this way if it is ascertained that he is malevolently causing trouble among the living, much as a wizard might do in life.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DOCTOR

Students of the Bantu agree that spiritual power is recognized as a neutral force to be sought and applied by men for their own benefit and that of their friends and against their enemies.

A chief, for instance, by reason of his position and social functions is supposed to be full of spiritual power to assist his people. A corpse is supposed to be full of spiritual power, but of a very different kind for has not death been brought about by some enemy by the spiritual power he was able to concentrate against the deceased?

Sickness among the Bantu was generally supposed to come, not from natural causes but as the result of spiritual power concentrated against the sufferer by the spirits of the dead or some evil-minded person like a wizard or a witch. It was, then, very necessary for the protection of the community that there should be carefully trained men who would be proficient in concentrating spiritual power for the benefit of the tribe and also in warding off spiritual power concentrated against them. The causes of any sickness, death or untoward circumstances, could only be ascertained in consultation with the ancestral spirits. They it was who revealed the cause of any evil befalling the tribe, and through them only could spiritual



NATIVE PREACHERS IN SOUTH AFRICA



EBENEZER HOSPITAL

power be concentrated to withstand these evils. This man was the medicine man or witch doctor, the great intermediary between men and spirits.

When any evil came upon a household it was necessary first to ascertain from whence it proceeded. If from one of their own ancestors a sacrifice was made. But there were two sets of spirits; those of the paternal and those of the maternal side, usually called "the gods of the right hand and the gods of the left hand." If the paternal spirits were to be propitiated the kraal head made the offering but if the maternal spirits, the woman's, as the woman never became a partaker in the worship of the ancestors of her husband, but of her father.

If it is ascertained that spiritual power is being concentrated against the people by enemies it is the duty of the medicine man to secure, by medicines, charms and ritual an accumulation of benevolent spiritual power to offset it. If he cannot do this, and death occurs, he must ceremonially cleanse the people in order that the evil proceed no farther.

Then there are people through whom a malevolent influence is supposed to be at work among their own tribe which is commonly called witchcraft. According to Mrs. Hoernle, "Witchcraft is a great crime among the Bantu. It is not tried by judicial process. No number of witnesses could establish the guilt or innocence of a wizard, for witchcraft is due to the working of unseen forces and the real person in whom these forces are concentrated can be discovered only by an appeal to the unseen forces themselves. A man may be totally innocent of any intention to do harm,

yet he may be the most pernicious wizard; hence when a man is accused of witchcraft, ignorance of the crime or innocence of intention is no excuse whatever. Further, no human being may know from whom this evil power is radiating. It may be from a live person or a dead one. Hence, the first thing to do is to discover unmistakably the center of this evil radiating power. Preliminary investigations are made by the diviner and the smeller-out, but the final test must always be made on the accused himself with some infallible indicator, like the poison drink or some other form of ordeal. The belief is that in the ordeal a powerful concentration of spiritual power is obtained, and that this may immediately kill, or otherwise reveal, any one who is so defiled that he is incapable of withstanding the contact with this powerful force. Such is the treatment of crimes among the Bantu. The whole community reacts to an intolerable oppression of pollution. The chief is always concerned in a witchcraft trial because he represents the people as a whole, but the whole process is entirely different from a judicial trial."

We must carefully distinguish between the doctor whose duty it is to drive away the evil spiritual power and concentrate it on enemies and the wizard who consciously or unconsciously brings this evil among the people. Many persons practise witchcraft voluntarily. Some are supposed to travel about in spirit form while their bodies remain asleep in their huts. Some are supposed to change themselves into an animal and after performing their depredations return home and change themselves into a man again, while

others are supposed to work through living animals kept by them in their huts, such as a baboon or a snake.

A fox had worried us exceedingly, carrying off our chickens by night. Various devices were resorted to by the natives to capture him, but in vain. We even struck him with a stick but he got away. This was too much. Our teacher said, "This is not an ordinary fox; it is a fox of the people." On inquiring his meaning he said, "Some people change themselves into an animal to do what they desire to do. You see the track or an animal from their door and follow it until it returns and there, just as it goes in the door you see the footprint of a man."

The men had gone to the wild lands by the river to cut wood. After lunch one was sitting on the ground with his knees up, scraping the pot. Silently, and traveling rapidly, a great black snake ten feet long glided from among the shrubs and rocks, right under his legs and away never hesitating a moment. He sat trembling, paralyzed with fear. The absorbing question, when they were able to discuss the matter, was, who sent it and where was it going?

These animals sent are supposed to possess magical powers. They hide themselves in the grass roof of a hut and at night reach down to their sleeping victim and with their two long teeth sever the veins in the throat. He is found dead in the morning with no trace of foul play.

The man who works his land well and gets good crops is in imminent danger of being charged with witchcraft. He has, through spiritual power, trans-

ferred all the substance of his neighbor's garden into his own. These spiritual forms were supposed to go about at night and it was the duty of a great doctor to apprehend them. One of these men was our nearest neighbor for years. There was a tremendous commotion one afternoon as it became noised abroad that he had captured one of these miniature enemies of nocturnal depredations. Swift retribution, by burning, was to be meted out. So the people rushed together, a fire was kindled and the doctor's prestige considerably enhanced. It turned out that he had robbed a recent grave, decapitated the corpse and by enveloping it with cloth had deceived the people.

However, after you have allowed for trickery, ready wit and the great fund of knowledge of people and things, possessed by the doctor, it is generally admitted that there is an unexplained residue in his possession. He believes in himself and his communications from the spirit world implicitly, and his people believe in him. The bondage of such a belief in spirits as we have described demands some amelioration, and the doctor is the answer. He is a refuge to his friends in time of trouble (a refuge of lies), and is able, if he can get the finger-nail clippings, a bit of hair or the sand from the footprints of an enemy to cause his death by placing these in connection with deadly drugs. In his desperation when his trusted remedies fail he stops at nothing. If powdered hyenas' claws mixed with goats' hair and birds' eyes do not produce the desired results he will seek for human parts and only recently a horrible tale was printed of a doctor in Swaziland dreadfully mutilat-

ing a young boy before doing him to death, to secure parts of his body for medicine.

Some medicine doctors possess great skill in the use of herbs and are able to cure the bite of venomous snakes, as well as many ailments of people and cattle. Some superstitious rites invariably accompany these treatments which are regarded by the doctor as essential in order that the medicines may have their desired effect.

CHAPTER XXIV

VISITING THE OUTPOSTS

During the winter months we took two tents, a large tent for meetings and a smaller dwelling tent and with three or four evangelists went to camp at the out-stations. These were times of great joy and spiritual refreshing when we came closely in touch with the people and became partakers in their manner of life. They opened their hearts and homes to us and never wearied of talking about "the tents." So much did "the tents" enter into the campaign that in one place where we had huts instead of tents the people could hardly adjust their exhortations to their absence. They would refer to the revival effort as "the tents" and then remember that there were no tents.

They sent us fowls, bananas, beans, maize, sweet potatoes, peanuts, sugar cane and milk. On Sundays they came in great bands from Fair View, bringing their food and helping all day.

The evangelists were always at their best on these occasions. Reckoning themselves to be in warfare they followed the old Zulu custom and would not go home until the meetings were over.

The meetings were held in most remote and inaccessible places, approaching which with a wagon, was sometimes fraught with much danger. We crept around the sides of steep hills where the wheels slid

on the grass and ropes were attached to the wagon and held by the men to prevent it from capsizing. In other places the wagon could not go and the equipment had to be carried by the natives. In such cases they turned out with great enthusiasm to assist "the tents." On gathering for evening prayers after such a long, toilsome and hazardous experience Mpalosa prayed thus, "We see Satan has a spear wound in his foot. The mark shows, for the Lord has brought us here which he did not want." Some very clear cases of conversion were witnessed before we struck tents.

This same Mpalosa was one of God's gentlemen. The first to believe at Fair View, he immediately set his house in order, was disentangled from polygamy, and began to witness for Christ. He was a man of sound judgment and great dignity. His ability as an administrator was fully attested by his people, and as a preacher he had few equals among native people. His humility was such that he labored on, looking for nothing for himself, and when one of a younger generation was promoted before him he heartily joined with him in the work. His prayers were earnest, and leading the other evangelists we were able jointly to claim the promises of God when faced with difficult situations.

A woman rose and testified that she was striving to serve the Lord but she was beset by a demon, and then and there knelt before the little table that served as a pulpit to have the demon exorcised. The challenge had to be met, and, thank God, He does not desert His people in such extremes. These men of faith unhesitatingly accepted the challenge and with prayer and

laying on of hands, the magic of that wonderful "Name which is above every name" gave perfect healing and tranquillity of soul.

Another woman, similarly distressed, presented herself. On being examined, before prayer, she declined to give up drinking beer, and the demon demonstrated right there at the altar in a manner well known to the people as demoniacal.

This is quite a common affection. Among the heathen, when there are indications of it, they dance and sing and beat a drum from time to time in an effort to increase the power of the spirit over the person, for gain, as the person, it is hoped, will become a doctor.

Some of the native Christians believe that those who remain backslidden a long time are in danger of possession by a demon, which comes on in the form of a long illness. They instanced the case of a man who wanted to be a Christian but whenever he desired to name the name of Jesus in prayer, he was unable to do so, an inarticulate sound following each effort. He was finally saved in answer to prayer. A woman sought to be delivered but each time the people came to pray with her they found her overcome by sleep, which they attributed to the demon. She finally died.

Testimonies

Mpalosa says, "When I repented one thing after another came to my mind to be made right. Finally I remembered that when a white man paid me he gave me three pounds ten shillings too much by mistake. That money cried in my purse and said, 'I

want to go to the white man to whom I belong.' I told the missionaries and they said, 'Return it.' I was ashamed and wanted to send it; but that would not do. Finally I went and gave it to the white man and he said, 'Oh, you had that money, did you? The cash was short that day and we counted and counted but we never knew where it went to.' He thanked me and gave me five shillings as my part."

In these times of revival, when the spiritual life of the people is at flood-tide, the testimonies are rich in metaphor and illustration. A woman says, "The Lord is wonderful. I was in my garden and went into the bush to pray. A puff adder was in the way. I did not see it. It struck at me but only hit the nail of my big toe. The Lord is wonderful."

Another says, "Jesus is like an ox. If the river is high you catch hold of its tail and it pulls you right across."

A woman says, "I am like a cow loaned out to others." (The native idiom for "a pilgrim and a stranger," as she is liable to be called home at any time.)

Another says, "Friends, it is hard to live in the same house with an animal. The animal I live with shuts me up in the house and takes a spear and threatens to kill me, but I love the Lord."

Again, "Some people have tongues like an iguana; a forked tongue. They can talk about everybody, even a missionary. They are like an iguana."

"I am in the furrow (ploughing). I wanted to come out of it, but He whipped me back into it and now I am willing to stay in the furrow."

An evangelist says, "I do not know whether I will preach long or short, for sometimes the cows get nice feed and give a lot of milk and again they get little and the people get nothing."

A cow's horn was used as a trumpet to call the people to meeting. A man in prayer says, "Here is this horn of a dead cow; we do not know where the skin and bones are; God knows; but this dead cow's horn is raising the dead all through these valleys and hills."

"It seems the Lord has a place in my heart where He is alone. Other things come at one side of my heart, but He has His place all to Himself in the midst."

"A young man did his best to make the girls backslide. He would catch them by the head, look straight into their eyes, and laughing ask them if they really meant to be Christians. When they laughed he would say, 'Now you are mine.' He was warned many times. Finally he took sick and sent for the Christians to come and pray with him. They felt they could not go. The native pastor went but he could not pray. The young man said he was lost and then being seized with a fit of laughter which he could not control, died laughing."

CHAPTER XXV

SOME OF "THE FAITHFUL"

A large family of the Cele tribe have figured prominently in our work in Natal for years. The first to be saved was Mark, who so wholly followed the Lord that at his early death his family, then all heathen, felt they could not bury him without a coffin as he was different and "had a white heart."

Then followed Paul, who as a young man was perfectly devoted, spending much time, night and day, in prayer. While attending school two small boys slept in the same room with him and Paul thought it necessary that they should, like him, rise in the night and go out in the dark for prayer. Like small boys, they slept soundly and Paul complained on one occasion that he did not know what would become of them as he had to shake and shake them to get them awake for prayer.

It was time that Paul was married and with great effort over a number of years assisted by Miss F. Grace Allen he secured the required number of cattle to take a wife. As the Rinderpest was abroad his father-in-law refused to accept them until the danger was past. They all died. Again Paul set to work and again after some years got the required number together. Now they were seized by the Government as part of a fine of 1,500 head for insubordination on

the part of his tribe, in which he had no part. It seemed hopeless, but a good brother in America, hearing of his misfortunes, and knowing a noble worker was being thereby kept from going out into the work of the Lord, advanced the money to buy the third lot of cattle and Paul was married. Unfortunately he died in early life, much lamented as a powerful preacher, an indefatigable worker and a man who could prevail in prayer.

Moses, his brother, is of the same type. He traces the providences of God over him even while he was in sin. On a certain Sunday he took a gun and went hunting. He followed a buck all day and as the sun was setting came upon it in a clump of shrubs. He could only see its ear moving but raised his gun to fire. Its bleat told him that it was one of the people's goats.

He always accompanied us with the tents and his prayers and labors knew no bounds. Our baby Peace being dangerously ill we asked him to ride twelve miles for a doctor. He never waited to go home but saddled my horse and was back in record time with medicines that greatly relieved the trouble. Several evangelists have come from this family and a number of teachers. One of the latter was ordained by Rev. W. B. Olmstead in 1924 and became the first native pastor of the Fair View church.

One of the most remarkable examples of God's saving grace is the mother of these boys. Her grandchildren are growing up around her but she draws her supply of grace and strength day by day. She gave herself to God over the open grave of one of her sons

and her eyes are set on the hills. For a number of years her thigh bone was decaying and coming away in small pieces, but this could not prevent her from attending the house of God. She asked the Lord for strength to go to meeting and then she asked Him for strength to get home. So she limped along with a stick the mile of hill and dale and was always in her place. Friday morning sunrise prayer meeting, Wednesday afternoon class meeting and twice on Sunday she was in her seat. She turned up at "the tents" ten miles over hills and through rivers for she wanted to testify for her Lord. For her the sun is setting on the western hills but her faith is firm. This is her testimony: "I am glad the old bitter fountain of my heart is broken. I do not feel it coming up any more. The old nature that was deep down in my heart is gone out. I am a soldier. I will strive to go to that home of life. I am a witness. I am called to show my shield wherever I go. The flesh may say 'back' but I go ahead. I am weak. My grave is dug but Jesus brings me back every day."

Andrew Zondi

This was one of the stalwarts. He was a forceful preacher and a clear expositor of Bible doctrines. His father had been a preacher before him and had taught his son to walk in the paths of righteousness. In testimony men heard from the son the admonitions of his father. He said, "Do not take an unsaved woman for a wife or you will take Satan into your home." He pondered this well. He was about to

marry a girl but she gave him up. The Lord then showed him another girl, but she did not care to marry him. She was a professing Christian but did not enjoy the companionship of one so intensely religious. He made it a matter of prayer and she also was constrained to pray about it until spiritual things became more real to her and they were happily married. They were real companions in the home life and public ministry. Together they worked about the home. Later in the day they cultivated or reaped the gardens, and in the afternoon when the people returned to their homes from similar vocations they visited them. The appeals to drink beer and the enticements of witchcraft were all lost on them. Their testimony to saving and sanctifying grace was constant. Both rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

Habula

There came to Fair View, one Sunday morning, an old man of short stature, somewhat stooped. He came in his bare feet, walking with a cane. His eyes, though bleared by many years still held a twinkle that told of a soul hale and strong within him. He was accompanied by his wife, an old woman, but much his junior. They seated themselves quietly in one of the side seats at the front and seemed to enjoy the service.

On inquiry they said they had passed through Fair View once before and it "smelled good," and they wanted to come and live there. On application to the

farm manager a place was found for them. The people helped them to erect an humble dwelling and thereafter Habula and Marie became a feature of the church services. They chose a dwelling place over against the house of God and were always in their places at church. He always took part, when given an opportunity, or he bubbled over in his seat in praises to his God. His constant testimony was, "My heart runneth over."

Nobody knew his age but he must have been almost one hundred years old for his son appeared to be eighty. This son was afflicted with a tickling sensation in his ears and carried a long feather in his hair. Inserting this in his ear he would revolve the quill between his hands. He was not a Christian but he paid for his coffin some years before he died to insure a Christian burial.

Habula was greatly loved and respected by all. Grasping our hand in both of his he would kiss it and then with one hand raised reverently would invoke God's blessing upon us, always ending his prayer with the exclamation of adoration, "Holy!" And so from year to year Habula lived on, always reflecting the smile of God that rested on his soul, his heart always running over with praise to his Maker, missionaries and people all receiving much encouragement from him. No service was complete without him, and his prayer which was composed of praise and intercession and ended with an enumeration of most of the patriarchs and prophets, was always in season. He always had an offering.

One Sunday morning Habula was sad. Some one

had stolen all his chickens, a dozen or more; a crushing blow to one in his circumstances. Something must be done, so the kindly farmer, Mr. Woods, promised him half a dozen. Others promised one or two until Habula had more chickens than he had lost. Again his shriveled hand was lifted to heaven, again his soul shone through his wrinkled face and the twinkle returned to his bleared eyes, while his lips poured out praise ending in the familiar, "Hallelujah! Holy!"

When we brought our first-born from Durban, Habula and Marie hastened to be the first to call. According to Zulu custom they must give thanks and brought a large pumpkin for the purpose. This entitled them to each sit and hold the wee mite, like a fragile bit of china, a short time, and then when relieved, as if thankful it had not broken in the process he fell on his knees and the stream of prayer ran on so simply and sublimely. It spoke of this young Haley, a mere boy when he first came among them, now with a wife and child and besought all the blessings known to the old man on all of us and ended with "Hallelujah! Holy!"

But the time came when the old man lost interest in life and setting his eyes on that heavenly "place" soon passed on leaving a hallowed memory. Like his bowed body, his old hut stooped with age, crumbled and fell leaving only a few aloes plants to mark the spot made sacred by the home and prayers of one of God's saints.

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